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MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS,

IN

VERSE *and* PROSE,

Of the Late Right Honourable

Joſeph Addiſon, Eſq;

With ſome Account of the LIFE and WRITINGS of the AUTHOR,

By Mr. *TICKELL.*

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER in the *Strand.*

MDCCLIII.

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Advertiſement.

Theſe Three Volumes, with the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, *Guardians*, *Freeholder*, and *Remarks on ſeveral Parts of* Italy, complete Mr. *Addiſon*'s Works in *Twelves*.

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CATO.

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CATO.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury Lane.*

BY

His MAJESTY's SERVANTS.

Ecce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non videò, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas erectum.

Sen. de Divin. Prov.

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VERSES

To the AUTHOR of the

TRAGEDY of *CATO.*

WHILE you the fierce divided Brtions *awe,*
And Cato *with an equal virtue draw,*
While Envy is itſelf in Wonder loſt,
And Factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud you moſt;
Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
Who hopes himſelf, not you, to recommend,
And join th' applauſe which all the Learn'd beſtow
On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.
To my * *Eight Scenes I once inſcrib'd your name,*
And impotently ſtrove to borrow fame:
Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
Let me, then, live, join'd to a work of thine.

* Tender Husband, *Dedicated to Mr.* Addiſon.

RICHARD STEELE.

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THO' Cato *shines in* Virgil's *epic song,*
Prescribing laws among th' Elysian *throng;*
Tho' Lucan's *verse, exalted by his name,*
O'er Gods themselves has rais'd the Hero's fame;
The Roman *stage did ne'er his image see,*
Drawn at full length; a task reserv'd for thee.
By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
And awful march before our ravish'd eyes;
We hear his voice, asserting virtue's cause;
His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy scene appears.

On Tiber's *banks thy thought was first inspir'd,*
'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's *ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,*
Thy happy Muse this manly work design'd:
Or in a dream thou saw'st Rome's *Genius stand,*
And, leading Cato *in his sacred hand,*
Point out th' immortal subject of thy lays,
And ask this labour to record his praise.

'Tis done — the Hero lives, and charms our age!
While nobler morals grace the British *stage!*
Great Shakespear's *ghost, the solemn strain to hear,*
(Methinks I see the laurell'd Shade appear!)
Will hover o'er the Scene, and wond'ring view
His fav'rite Brutus *rival'd thus by you.*
Such Roman *greatness in each action shines,*
Such Roman *eloquence adorns your lines,*

That

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That ſure the Sibyls *books this year foretold,*
And in ſome myſtic Leaf was ſeen inroll'd,
' Rome, *turn thy mournful eyes from* Afric's *ſhore,*
' *Nor in her ſands thy* Cato's *tomb explore!*
' *When thrice ſix hundred times the circling Sun*
' *His annual race ſhall thro' the Zodiac run,*
' *An Iſle remote his monument ſhall rear,*
' *And ev'ry gen'rous* Briton *pay a tear.*

J. Hughes.

WHAT *do we ſee! is* Cato *then become*
A greater name in Britain *than in* Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Tho' Lucan, Horace, Virgil *wrote before?*
How will Poſterity this truth explain?
" Cato *begins to live in* Anna's *reign:*
The World's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Riſe in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illuſtrious deeds in diſtant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed Heroes taught,
Raiſe in your ſoul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and conſecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you ſubdue,
And Cæſar *fought, and* Cato *bled for you.*

All Souls College,
Oxon.

Edward Young.

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'TIS nobly done thus to enrich the ſtage,
And raiſe the thoughts of a degenerate age,
To ſhow, how endleſs joys from freedom ſpring:
How life in bondage is a worthleſs thing.
The inborn greatneſs of your ſoul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few.
With ſo much ſtrength you write, and ſo much eaſe,
Virtue, and ſenſe! how durſt you hope to pleaſe?
Yet crowds the ſentiments of every line
Impartial clap'd, and own'd the work divine.
Even the four Critics, who malicious came,
Eager to cenſure, and reſolv'd to blame,
Finding the Hero regularly riſe,
Great, while he lives, but greater when he dies,
Sullen approv'd, too obſtinate to melt,
And ſicken'd with the pleaſures, which they felt.
Not ſo the Fair *their paſſions ſecret kept,*
Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept,
When glorioufly the blooming Marcus *dy'd,*
And Cato *told the Gods,* I'm ſatisfy'd.

See! how your lays the Britiſh *youth inflame!*
They long to ſhoot, and ripen into fame;
Applauding theatres diſturb their reſt,
And unborn Cato's *heave in every breaſt;*

Their

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Their nightly dreams their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulſes high with fancy'd glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the Marathonian *ſpoils,*
The young Themiſtocles *vow'd equal toils;*
Did then his ſchemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he ſaw.

How ſhall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
Loſt in the ſpreading circle of your fame!
We ſaw you the great William's *praiſe rehearſe,*
And paint Britannia's *joys in* Roman *verſe.*
We heard at diſtance ſoft, inchanting ſtrains,
From blooming mountains, *and* Italian *Plains.*
Virgil *began in* Engliſh *dreſs to ſhine,*
His voice, his looks, his grandeur ſtill divine.
From him too ſoon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful Ovid *to our view.*
Then, the delightful theme of every tongue,
Th' immortal Marl'brough *was your daring ſong;*
From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as ſwiftly you purſue;
Still with the Hero's glow'd the Poet's flame,
Still with his conqueſts you enlarg'd your fame.
With boundleſs raptures here the Muſe could ſwell,
And on your Roſamond *for ever dwell:*
There opening ſweets, and every fragrant flower
Luxuriant ſmile, a never-fading bower.

Next,

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Next, human follies kindly to expoſe,
You change from numbers, but not ſink in proſe:
Whether in viſionary ſcenes you play,
Refine our taſtes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now, by the buskin'd Muſe you ſhine confeſt,
The Patriot kindles in the Poet's breaſt.
Such energy of ſenſe might pleaſure raiſe,
Tho' unembelliſh'd with the charms of phraſe:
Such charms of phraſe would with ſucceſs be crown'd,
Tho' nonſenſe flow'd in the melodious ſound.
The chaſteſt Virgin needs no bluſhes fear,
The Learn'd themſelves, not uninſtructed, hear.
The Libertine, in pleaſures us'd to roll,
And idly ſport with an immortal ſoul,
Here comes, and by the virtuous Heathen taught,
Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.

When e'er you traverſe vaſt Numidia's *plains,*
What ſluggiſh Briton *in his Iſle remains?*
When Juba *ſeeks the Tiger with delight,*
We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight.
By the deſcription warn'd, we fondly ſweat,
And in the chilling Eaſt-wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how the ſtream refines,
'Till by degrees the floating mirrour ſhines?
While hurricanes in circling eddies play,
Tear up the ſands, and ſweep whole plains away.

We

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We ſhrink with horror, and confeſs our fear,
And all the ſudden ſounding ruine hear.
When purple robes, diſtain'd with blood, deceive,
And make poor Marcia *beautifully grieve,*
When ſhe her ſecret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals,
Well may the Prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his Libyan *crown, but* Roman *bride.*

But I in vain on ſingle features dwell,
While all the parts of the fair piece excell.
So rich the ſtore, ſo dubious is the feaſt,
We know not, which to paſs, or which to taſte.
The ſhining incidents ſo juſtly fall,
We may the whole new ſcenes of tranſport call.
Thus jewellers confound our wandring eyes,
And with variety of gems ſurpriſe.
Here Saphires, *here the* Sardian Stone *is ſeen,*
The Topaz *yellow, and the* Jaſper *green.*
The coſtly Brilliant *there, confus'dly bright,*
From numerous ſurfaces darts trembling light.
The different colours mingling in a blaze,
Silent we ſtand, unable where to praiſe,
In pleaſure ſweetly loſt ten thouſand ways.

Trinity College,
Cambridge.

L. EUSDEN.

TOO

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TOO long hath Love ingroſs'd Britannia's ſtage,
And ſunk to ſoftneſs all our tragic rage;
By that alone did empires fall or riſe,
And fate depended on a fair one's eyes;
The ſweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it ſooth'd the heart.
You ſcorn to raiſe a grief thyſelf muſt blame,
Nor from our weakneſs ſteal a vulgar fame:
A Patriot's fall may juſtly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly, ſhed for all mankind.

How do our ſouls with gen'rous pleaſure glow!
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm Hero ſtands beneath the weight
Of all his ſufferings venerably great;
Rome's poor remains ſtill ſhelt'ring by his ſide,
With conſcious virtue, and becoming pride.

The aged Oak thus rears his head in air,
His ſap exhauſted, and his branches bare;
'Midſt ſtorms and earthquakes he maintains his ſtate,
Fixt deep in earth, and faſten'd by his weight.
His naked boughs ſtill lend the ſhepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful ſhade.

Amidſt

Amidſt the joys triumphant peace beſtows,
Our Patriots ſadden at his glorious woes,
Awhile they let the world's great buſ'neſs wait,
Anxious for Rome, *and ſigh for* Cato's *fate.*
Here taught how ancient Heroes roſe to fame,
Our Britons *crowd, and catch the* Roman *flame.*
Where ſtates and ſenates well might lend an ear,
And Kings and Prieſts without a bluſh appear.

France *boaſts no more, but, fearful to engage,*
Now firſt pays homage to her rival's ſtage,
Haſtes to learn thee, and learning ſhall ſubmit
Alike to Britiſh *arms, and* Britiſh *wit:*
No more ſhe'll wonder, (forc'd to do us right)
Who think like Romans, *cou'd like* Romans *fight.*

Thy Oxford *ſmiles this glorious work to ſee,*
And fondly triumphs in a ſon like thee.
The ſenates, conſuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find: each deed, each word expreſt,
And every thought that ſwell'd a Roman *breaſt.*
We trace each hint that could thy ſoul inſpire
With Virgil's *judgment, and with* Lucan's *fire;*
We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boaſt,
We moſt admire, becauſe we knew thee moſt.

Queen's-College,
Oxon.

THO. TICKELL.

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SIR,

WHEN your generous labour first I view'd,
And Cato's *hands in his own blood imbru'd;*
That scene of death so terrible appears,
My soul could only thank you with her tears.
Yet with such wondrous art your skilful hand
Does all the passions of the soul command,
That even my grief to praise and wonder turn'd,
And envy'd the great death which first I mourn'd.

What pen but yours could draw the doubtful strife,
Of honour struggling with the love of life?
Describe the Patriot, obstinately good,
As hovering o'er eternity he stood:
The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
His piercing sight, and Heav'n the distant shore.
Secure of endless bliss, with fearless eyes,
He grasps the dagger, and its point defies,
And rushes out of Life, to snatch the glorious prize.

How would old Rome *rejoice, to hear you tell*
How just her Patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
Recount his wondrous probity and truth,
And form new Juba's *in the* British *youth.*
Their generous souls, when he resigns his breath,
Are pleas'd with ruin and in love with death.
And when her conquering sword Britannia *draws,*
Resolves to perish, or defend her cause.

Now

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Now first on Albion's *theatre we see,*
A perfect image of what man should be;
The glorious character is now expreſt,
Of virtue dwelling in a human breaſt.
Drawn at full length by your immortal Lines,
In Cato's *ſoul, as in her Heav'n ſhe ſhines.*

All Souls College, Oxon. DIGBY COTES.

Left with the Printer by an unknown hand.

NOW we may ſpeak, ſince Cato *ſpeaks no more;*
'Tis praiſe at length, 'twas rapture all before;
When crowded theatres with Iös *rung*
Sent to the ſkies, from whence thy genius ſprung:
Even civil rage awhile in thine was loſt;
And factions ſtrove but to applaud thee moſt:
Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taſte;
But every night was dearer than the laſt.

As when old Rome *in a malignant hour*
Depriv'd of ſome returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead diſcharg'd,
For fame, for treaſure, and her bounds enlarg'd:
And, while his god-like figure mov'd along,
Alternate paſſions ſir'd th' adoring throng;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and ſhouts from every [tongue.
So in thy pompous line has Cato *far'd,*
Grac'd with an ample, tho' a late reward:
A greater victor we in him revere;
A nobler triumph crowns his image here:

With

With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
A theme so scanty wrought into a play;
So vast a pile on such foundations plac'd;
Like Ammon's *temple rear'd on* Libya's *waste:*
Behold its glowing paint! its easy weight!
Its nice proportions! and stupendous height!
How chaste the conduct, how divine the rage!
A Roman *Worthy on a* Grecian *stage!*

But where shall Cato's *praise begin or end;*
Inclin'd to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
The firmest Patriot, and the gentlest Friend!
How great his genius when the traitor crowd
Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd;
Quell'd by his look, and listning to his lore,
Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more!
When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
Brave Marcus *new in early death appears*
While Cato *counts his wounds, and not his years;*
Who, checking private grief, the public mourns,
Commands the pity he so greatly scorns.
But when he strikes (to crown his generous part)
That honest, stanch, impracticable heart;
No tears, no sobs pursue his parting breath;
The dying Roman *shames the pomp of death.*

O sacred Freedom, which the powers bestow
To season blessings, and to soften woe;

Plans

Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars:
If taught by thee, the Poet's wit has flow'd
In ſtrains as precious as his Hero's blood;
Preſerve thoſe ſtrains, an everlaſting charm
To keep that blood, and thy remembrance warm:
Be this thy guardian image ſtill ſecure,
In vain ſhall force invade, or fraud allure;
Our great Palladium *ſhall perform its part,*
Fix'd and inſhrin'd in every Britiſh *heart.*

THE mind to virtue is by verſe ſubdu'd;
And the true Poet is a public good.
This Britain *feels, while, by your lines inſpir'd,*
Her free-born ſons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome *had you eſpous'd the vanquiſh'd cauſe,*
Inflam'd her ſenate, and upheld her laws;
Your many Scenes had liberty reſtor'd;
And giv'n the juſt ſucceſs to Cato's *ſword:*
O'er Cæſar's *arms your Genius had prevail'd;*
And the Muſe triumph'd, where the Patriot fail'd.

AMBR. PHILIPS.

PRO-

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PROLOGUE

By Mr. *POPE*.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' every age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The Hero's glory, or the Virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild Ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more generous cauſe,
Such tears as Patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardor riſe,
And calls forth Roman *drops from* Britiſh *eyes.*
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato *thought, and God-like* Cato *was:*
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure Heav'n itſelf ſurveys;

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A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate!
While Cato *gives his little Senate laws,*
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Even when proud Cæſar *'midſt triumphal cars,*
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of Wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome *her* Cato's *figure drawn in ſtate,*
As her dead father's reverend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt,
The triumph ceaſt——tears guſh'd from every eye,
The world's great victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome *ador'd,*
And honour'd Cæſar's *leſs than* Cato's *ſword.*

Britons *attend: be worth like this approv'd,*
And ſhow you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt-fam'd Cato *view'd*
Rome *learning arts from* Greece, *whom ſhe ſubdu'd;*
Our ſcene precarıouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French *tranſlation, and* Italian *ſong:*
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone ſhould pleaſe a Britiſh *ear,*
As Cato's *ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.*

Dramatis

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

CATO.	Mr. *Booth.*
Lucius, *a Senator.*	Mr. *Keen.*
Sempronius, *a Senator.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Juba, *Prince of* Numidia.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Syphax, *General of the* Numidians.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Portius, } *Sons of* Cato.	Mr. *Powell,*
Marcus, }	Mr. *Ryan.*
Decius, *Ambaſſador from* Cæſar.	Mr. *Bowman.*

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

WOMEN.

Marcia, *Daughter to* Cato.	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Lucia, *Daughter to* Lucius.	Mrs. *Porter.*

SCENE *a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of* Utica.

CATO.

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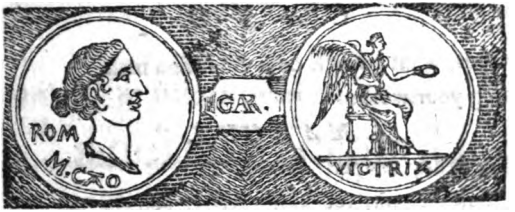

CATO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

PORTIUS.

THE dawn is over-caſt, the morning lours,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of *Cato* and of *Rome*—Our Father's Death
Would fill up all the guilt of Civil war,
And cloſe the ſcene of blood. Already *Caſar*
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and ſees
Mankind grown thin by his deſtructive ſword:
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and ſupport his crimes.

Ye

Ye Gods, what havock does Ambition make
Among your works!

MARCUS.

Thy ſteddy temper, *Portius*,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and *Cæſar*,
In the calm lights of mild Philoſophy;
I'm tortur'd, even to madneſs, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's named
Pharſalia riſes to my view!——I ſee
Th' inſulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with *Rome*'s citizens, and drench'd in ſlaughter,
His Horſe's hoofs wet with Patrician blood!
Oh *Portius*, is there not ſome choſen curſe,
Some hidden thunder in the ſtores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blaſt the man,
Who owes his greatneſs to his country's ruin?

PORTIUS.

Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious greatneſs,
And mixt with too much horror to be envy'd:
How does the luſtre of our father's Actions,
Through the dark cloud of Ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightneſs!
His ſufferings ſhine, and ſpread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cauſe
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and *Rome*.
His ſword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppreſſion, tyranny, and power uſurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

MA R-

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MARCUS.

Who knows not this? but what can *Cato* do
Againſt a world, a baſe degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to *Cæſar*?
Pent up in *Utica* he vainly forms
A poor epitome of *Roman* greatneſs,
And, cover'd with *Numidian* guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty ſenate;
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heavens, ſuch virtues, join'd with ſuch ſucceſs,
Diſtract my very ſoul: Our father's fortune
Would almoſt tempt us to renounce his precepts.

PORTIUS.

Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors:
Our underſtanding traces 'em in vain,
Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs ſearch:
Nor ſees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confuſion ends.

MARCUS.

Theſe are ſuggeſtions of a mind at eaſe;
Oh *Portius*, didſt thou taſte but half the griefs
That wring my ſoul, thou couldſt not talk thus coldly.
Paſſion unpity'd, and ſucceſſleſs love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my *Lucia* kind!——

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PORTIUS.

Thou see'ſt not that thy Brother is thy Rival:
But I muſt hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aſide.*
Now, *Marcus*, now, thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmoſt ſtrength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy ſoul:
To quell the tyrant Love, and guard thy heart
On this weak ſide, where moſt our nature fails,
Would be a conqueſt worthy *Cato*'s ſon.

MARCUS.

Portius, the counſel which I cannot take,
Inſtead of healing, but upbraids my weakneſs.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickeſt foes, and ruſh on certain death,
Then ſhalt thou ſee that *Marcus* is not ſlow
To follow glory, and confeſs his father.
Love is not to be reaſon'd down, or loſt
In high ambition, and a thirſt of greatneſs;
'Tis ſecond life, it grows into the ſoul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulſe,
I feel it here: my reſolution melts——

PORTIUS.

Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian* Prince!
With how much care he forms himſelf to glory,
And breaks the fierceneſs of his native temper,
To copy out our Father's bright example.
He loves our ſiſter *Marcia*, greatly loves her,
His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:

But

But ſtill the ſmother'd fondneſs burns within him.
When moſt it ſwells, and labours for a vent,
The ſenſe of honour, and deſire of fame
Drive the big paſſion back into his heart.
What! ſhall an *African*, ſhall *Juba*'s heir
Reproach great *Cato*'s ſon, and ſhow the world
A virtue wanting in a *Roman* ſoul?

MARCUS.

Portius, no more! your words leave ſtings behind 'em.
When-e'er did *Juba*, or did *Portius*, ſhow
A virtue that has caſt me at a diſtance,
And thrown me out in the purſuits of honour?

PORTIUS.

Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of diſhonour on it,
It ſtraight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

MARCUS.

A Brother's ſufferings claim a Brother's pity.

PORTIUS.

Heaven knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
Even whilſt I ſpeak——Do they not ſwim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would ſee it bleed in his behalf.

MARCUS.

Why then doſt treat me with rebukes, inſtead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly ſorrow?

PORTIUS.

O *Marcus*, did I know the way to eaſe

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Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

MARCUS.

Thou beſt of brothers, and thou beſt of Friends!
Pardon a weak diſtemper'd ſoul, that ſwells
With ſudden guſts, and ſinks as ſoon in calms,
The ſport of paſſions; ——but *Sempronius* comes:
He muſt not find this ſoftneſs hanging on me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

Conſpiracies no ſooner ſhould be form'd
Than executed. What means *Portius* here?
I like not that cold youth. I muſt diſſemble,
And ſpeak a language foreign to my heart. [*Aſide.*
Good-morrow *Portius!* let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilſt yet we both are free.
To-morrow ſhould we thus expreſs our friendſhip,
Each might receive a ſlave into his arms:
This Sun perhaps, this morning Sun's the laſt,
That e'er ſhall riſe on *Roman* liberty.

PORTIUS.

My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little *Roman* Senate,
(The leavings of *Pharſalia*) to conſult

If

If yet he can oppoſe the mighty torrent
That bears down *Rome*, and all her gods, before it,
Or muſt at length give up the world to *Cæſar*.

SEMPRONIUS.

Not all the pomp and majeſty of *Rome*
Can raiſe her Senate more than *Cato*'s preſence.
His virtues render our aſſembly awful,
They ſtrike with ſomething like religious fear,
And make even *Cæſar* tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conqueſt: O my *Portius*,
Could I but call that wondrous Man my Father,
Would but thy ſiſter *Marcia* be propitious
To thy friend's vows: I might be bleſs'd indeed!

PORTIUS.

Alas! *Sempronius*, wouldſt thou talk of love
To *Marcia*, whilſt her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'ſt as well court the pale trembling Veſtal,
When ſhe beholds the holy flame expiring.

SEMPRONIUS.

The more I ſee the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou muſt take heed, my *Portius!*
The world has all its eyes on *Cato*'s ſon,
Thy father's merit ſets thee up to view,
And ſhows thee in the faireſt point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conſpicuous.

PORTIUS.

Well doſt thou ſeem to check my lingring here
On this important hour — I'll ſtraight away,

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And while the Fathers of the Senate meet,
In close debate to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldier's drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life:
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's *Roman* in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to Command success,
But we'll do more, *Sempronius*; we'll Deserve it. [*Exit.*

SEMPRONIUS solus.

Curse on the Stripling! how he apes his Sire!
Ambitiously sententious!——but I wonder
Old *Syphax* comes not; his *Numidian* genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And every moment quickned to the course.
——*Cato* has us'd me ill: he has refused
His daughter *Marcia* to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruin'd cause,
Are bars to my ambition. *Cæsar*'s favour,
That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To *Rome*'s first honours. If I give up *Cato*,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But *Syphax* comes!——

SCENE

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SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

——*Sempronius*, all is ready,
I've founded my *Numidians*, man by man,
And find 'em ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of *Cato*'s diſcipline,
And wait but the command to change their maſter.

SEMPRONIUS.

Believe me, *Syphax*, there's no time to waſte;
Even whilſt we ſpeak, our Conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'ſt not *Cæſar*'s active ſoul,
With what a dreadful courſe he ruſhes on
From war to war: in vain has nature form'd
Mountains and Oceans to oppoſe his paſſage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march:
The *Alps* and *Pyreneans* ſink before him,
Through winds and waves and ſtorms he works his way,
Impatient for the battle: one day more
Will ſet the Victor thundering at our gates.
But tell me, haſt thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba?*
That ſtill would recommend thee more to *Cæſar*,
And challenge better terms.

SYPHAX.

Alas! he's loſt,
He's loſt, *Sempronius*; all his thoughts are full
Of *Cato*'s virtues:——but I'll try once more
(For every inſtant I expect him here)
If yet I can ſubdue thoſe ſtubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his *Numidian* temper,
And ſtruck th' infection into all his ſoul.

SEMPRONIUS.

Be ſure to preſs upon him every motive.
Juba's ſurrender, ſince his father's death,
Would give up *Afric* into *Cæſar*'s hands,
And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

SYPHAX.

But is it true, *Sempronius*, that your Senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou muſt be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will diſcern
Our frauds, unleſs they're cover'd thick with art.

SEMPRONIUS.

Let me alone, good *Syphax*, I'll conceal
My thoughts in paſſion ('tis the ſureſt way;)
I'll bellow out for *Rome* and for my country,
And mouth at *Cæſar* 'till I ſhake the Senate.
Your cold hypocriſy's a ſtale device,
A worn-out trick: would'ſt thou be thought in earneſt?
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

SY-

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SYPHAX.

In troth, thou'rt able to inſtruct gray-hairs,
And teach the wily *African* deceit!

SEMPRONIUS.

Once more be ſure to try thy ſkill on *Juba*.
Mean while I'll haſten to my *Roman* ſoldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their diſcontents, 'till they break out
Unlook'd for, and diſcharge themſelves on *Cato*.
Remember, *Syphax*, we muſt work in haſte:
O think what anxious moments paſs between
The birth of plots, and their laſt fatal periods,
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Deſtruction hangs on every word we ſpeak,
On every thought, till the concluding ſtroke
Determines all, and cloſes our deſign. [*Exit.*

SYPHAX *ſolus.*

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reaſon
This head-ſtrong youth, and make him ſpurn at *Cato*.
The time is ſhort, *Cæſar* comes ruſhing on us——
But hold! young *Juba* ſees me, and approaches.

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SCENE IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

JUBA.

Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have obſerv'd of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercaſt with gloomy cares, and diſcontent;
Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy Prince?

SYPHAX.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry ſmiles and ſun-ſhine in my face,
When diſcontent ſits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet ſo much the *Roman* in me.

JUBA.

Why doſt thou caſt out ſuch ungenerous terms
Againſt the Lords and Sov'reigns of the world?
Doſt thou not ſee mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their ſuperior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of *Afric*,
Amidſt our barren rocks, and burning ſands,
That does not tremble at the *Roman* name?

SYPHAX.

Gods! where's the worth that ſets this people up
Above your own *Numidia*'s tawny ſons!

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Do they with tougher ſinews bend the bow!
Or flies the javelin ſwifter to its mark,
Lanch'd from the vigour of a *Roman* arm?
Who like our active *African* inſtructs
The fiery ſteed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled Elephant,
Loaden with war? theſe, theſe are arts, my Prince,
In which your *Zama* does not ſtoop to *Rome*.

JUBA.

Theſe all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are place'd in bones and nerves.
A *Roman* ſoul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpoliſh'd world,
And lay it under the reſtraint of laws;
To make Man mild, and ſociable to Man;
To cultivate the wild licentious Savage
With wiſdom, diſcipline, and liberal arts;
Th' embelliſhments of life: Virtues like theſe,
Make human nature ſhine, reform the ſoul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

SYPHAX.

Patience kind Heavens!—excuſe an old man's warmth.
What are theſe wondrous civilizing arts,
This *Roman* poliſh, and this ſmooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to diſguiſe our paſſions,
To ſet our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the ſtarts and ſallies of the ſoul,

And

And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In ſhort, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the Gods deſign'd us!

JUBA.

To ſtrike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to *Cato!*
There may'ſt thou ſee to what a godlike height
The *Roman* virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and juſt, and anxious for his friends,
He's ſtill ſeverely bent againſt himſelf;
Renouncing ſleep, and reſt, and food, and eaſe,
He ſtrives with thirſt and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune ſets before him all
The pomps and pleaſures that his ſoul can wiſh,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, Prince, there's not an *African*
That traverſes our vaſt *Numidian* deſerts
In queſt of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practiſes theſe boaſted virtues.
Coarſe are his meals, the fortune of the chace,
Amidſt the running ſtream he ſlakes his thirſt,
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the firſt friendly bank he throws him down,
Or reſts his head upon a rock 'till morn:
Then riſes freſh, purſues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repaſt, or an untaſted ſpring,
Bleſſes his ſtars, and thinks it luxury.

JUBA.

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JUBA.

Thy prejudices, *Syphax*, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the Hero differs from the Brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like *Cato*?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the Gods that throw the weight upon him!

SYPHAX.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul:
I think the *Romans* call it *Stoicism*.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of *Roman* virtue, and of *Cato*'s cause,
He had not fallen by a slave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On *Afric*'s sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the Wolves and Vultures of *Numidia*.

JUBA.

Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My Father's name brings tears into my eyes.

SYPHAX.

Oh! that you'd profit by your Father's ills!

JUBA.

What would'st thou have me do?

SY-

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SYPHAX.

Abandon *Cato*.

JUBA.

Syphax, I ſhould be more than twice an Orphan
By ſuch a loſs.

SYPHAX.

Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him Father. *Marcia*'s charms
Work in your heart unſeen, and plead for *Cato*.
No wonder you are deaf to all I ſay.

JUBA.

Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Leſt it ſhould take more freedom than I'll give it.

SYPHAX.

Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender ſorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated bleſſings,
Which you drew from him in your laſt farewel?
Still muſt I cheriſh the dear, ſad, remembrance,
At once to torture, and to pleaſe my ſoul.
The good old King at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then ſighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my ſon!——his grief
Swell'd up ſo high, he could not utter more.

JUBA.

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JUBA.

Alas, thy story melts away my soul.
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

SYPHAX.

By laying up his counsels in your heart.

JUBA.

His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, *Syphax*, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer-sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

SYPHAX.

Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

JUBA.

I do believe thou would'st: but tell me how?

SYPHAX.

Fly from the fate that follows *Cæsar*'s foes.

JUBA.

My father scorn'd to do it.

SYPHAX.

And therefore dy'd.

JUBA.

Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

SYPHAX.

Rather say your love.

JUBA.

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JUBA.

Syphax, I've promis'd to preſerve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confeſs a flame,
I long have ſtifled, and would fain conceal?

SYPHAX.

Believe me, Prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis eaſy to divert and break its force:
Abſence might cure it, or a ſecond miſtreſs
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of *Zama*'s royal court
Have faces flusht with more exalted charms;
The Sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with theſe, my Prince, you'd ſoon forget
The pale unripen'd beauties of the *North*.

JUBA.

'Tis not a ſet of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a ſkin, that I admire.
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the ſenſe.
The virtuous *Marcia* tow'rs above her ſex:
True, ſhe is fair, (Oh how divinely fair!)
But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
And ſanctity of manners. *Cato*'s ſoul
Shines out in every thing ſhe acts or ſpeaks,
While winning mildneſs and attractive ſmiles

Dwell

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Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtue.

SYPHAX.

How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider———

JUBA.

Hah! *Syphax*, is't not she!—she moves this way:
And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius*'s fair daughter.
My heart beats thick——I pr'ythee *Syphax* leave me.

SYPHAX.

Ten thousand curses fasten on 'em both!
Now will this woman with a single glance
Undo, what I've been labouring all this while. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

JUBA.

Hail charming Maid! how does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make even Horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of *Cæsar*.

MARCIA.

I should be griev'd, young Prince, to think my presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to arms,
While

While, warm with ſlaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

JUBA.

O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wiſhes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add ſtrength and weight to my deſcending ſword,
And drive it in a tempeſt on the foe.

MARCIA.

My prayers and wiſhes always ſhall attend
The friends of *Rome*, the glorious cauſe of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the Gods and *Cato*.

JUBA.

That *Juba* may deſerve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy god-like father,
Tranſplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, 'till I ſhine like him.

MARCIA.

My Father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great ſoul in words, and waſte
Such precious moments.

JUBA.

Thy reproofs are juſt,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll haſten to my troops,
And fire their languid ſouls with *Cato*'s virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war ſhall ſtand range'd in its juſt array,
And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!

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O lovely Maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the ſhock of charging hoſts, remember
What glorious deeds ſhould grace the man, who hopes
For *Marcia*'s love. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Marcia, you're too ſevere:
How could you chide the young good-natur'd Prince,
And drive him from you with ſo ſtern an air,
A Prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

MARCIA.

'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honeſt ſoul
Speak all ſo movingly in his behalf,
I dare not truſt myſelf to hear him talk.

LUCIA.

Why will you fight againſt ſo ſweet a paſſion,
And ſteel your heart to ſuch a world of charms?

MARCIA.

How, *Lucia!* would'ſt thou have me ſink away
In pleaſing dreams, and loſe myſelf in love,
When every moment *Cato*'s life's at ſtake!
Cæſar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,

And

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And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Should not the ſad occaſion ſwallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

LUCIA.

Why have not I this conſtancy of mind,
Who have ſo many griefs to try its force?
Sure, Nature form'd me of her ſofteſt mold,
Enfeebled all my ſoul with tender paſſions,
And ſunk me even below my own weak ſex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppreſs my heart.

MARCIA.

Lucia, diſburden all thy cares on me,
And let me ſhare thy moſt retir'd diſtreſs;
Tell me who raiſes up this conflict in thee?

LUCIA.

I need not bluſh to name them, when I tell thee
They're *Marcia*'s brothers, and the ſons of *Cato*.

MARCIA.

They both behold thee with their ſiſter's eyes:
And often have reveal'd their paſſion to me.
But tell me, whoſe addreſs thou favour'ſt moſt?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

LUCIA.

Which is it *Marcia* wiſhes for?

MARCIA.

For neither——
And yet for both——the youths have equal ſhare

In

In *Marcia*'s wiſhes, and divide their ſiſter:
But tell me, which of them is *Lucia*'s choice?

LUCIA.

Marcia, they both are high in my eſteem,
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'ſt it is a blind and fooliſh paſſion,
Pleas'd and diſguſted with it knows not what——

MARCIA.

O *Lucia*, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I muſt hereafter call my happy brother?

LUCIA.

Suppoſe 'twere *Portius*, could you blame my choice?
—O *Portius*, thou haſt ſtol'n away my ſoul!
With what a graceful tenderneſs he loves!
And breathes the ſofteſt, the ſincereſt vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly ſweetneſs
Dwell ever on his tongue, and ſmooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have ſo much earneſtneſs and paſſion in them,
I hear him with a ſecret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

MARCIA.

Alas poor youth! how can'ſt thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'ſt not half the love he bears thee?
Whene'er he ſpeaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He ſends out all his ſoul in every word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one tranſported.

Unhappy

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Unhappy youth! how will thy coldneſs raiſe
Tempeſts and ſtorms in his afflicted boſom!
I dread the conſequence.

LUCIA.

You ſeem to plead
Againſt your brother *Portius.*

MARCIA.

Heaven forbid!
Had *Portius* been the unſucceſsful lover,
The ſame compaſſion would have fallen on him.

LUCIA.

Was ever virgin-love diſtreſs'd like mine!
Portius himſelf oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill ſucceſs;
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor ſhow which way it turns. So much he fears
The ſad effects that it would have on *Marcus.*

MARCIA.

He knows too well how eaſily he's fired,
And would not plunge his brother in deſpair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

LUCIA.

Alas! too late I find myſelf involved
In endleſs griefs, and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my *Marcia*'s family,
And ſow diſſenſion in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my ſoul.

MARCIA.

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MARCIA.

Let us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the Gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow white, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rain,
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines;
'Till by degrees, the floating mirrour shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair bosom shows. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SENATE.

SEMPRONIUS.

ROME ſtill ſurvives in this aſſembled Senate!
Let us remember we are *Cato*'s friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

LUCIUS.

Cato will ſoon be here, and open to us
The occaſion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[*A ſound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of *Rome* direct him!

Enter CATO.

CATO.

Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæſar's approach has ſummon'd us together,
And *Rome* attends her fate from our reſolves:
How ſhall we treat this bold aſpiring man?
Succeſs ſtill follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharſalia gave him *Rome*; *Egypt* has ſince
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole *Nile* is *Cæſar*'s.

Why

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Why ſhould I mention *Juba*'s overthrow,
And *Scipio*'s death? *Numidia*'s burning ſands
Still ſmoke with blood. 'Tis time we ſhould decree
What courſe to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even *Libya*'s ſultry deſerts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they ſtill fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the laſt?
Or are your hearts ſubdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill ſucceſs to a ſubmiſſion?
Sempronius, ſpeak.

SEMPRONIUS.

My voice is ſtill for war.
Gods! can a *Roman* Senate long debate
Which of the two to chuſe, ſlavery or death!
No, let us riſe at once, gird on our ſwords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps ſome arm, more lucky than the reſt,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Riſe, Fathers, riſe! 'tis *Rome* demands your help;
Riſe, and revenge her ſlaughter'd citizens,
Or ſhare their fate! the corps of half her Senate
Manure the fields of *Theſſaly*, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
If we ſhould ſacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in ſervitude and chains.
Rouſe up for ſhame! our brothers of *Pharſalia*

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Point at their wounds, and cry aloud——to battle!
Great *Pompey*'s ſhade complains that we are ſlow,
And *Scipio*'s ghoſt walks unreveng'd amongſt us!

CATO.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the bounds of reaſon:
True fortitude is ſeen in great exploits
That juſtice warrants, and that wiſdom guides,
All elſe is tow'ring frenzy and diſtraction.
Are not the lives of thoſe, who draw the ſword
In *Rome*'s defence, intruſted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of ſlaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reaſon ſay
We laviſh'd at our deaths the blood of thouſands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruine glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

LUCIUS.

My thoughts, I muſt confeſs, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: *Scythia* mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remoteſt regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of *Rome:*
'Tis time to ſheath the ſword, and ſpare mankind.
It is not *Cæſar*, but the Gods, my fathers,
The Gods declare againſt us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild deſpair)
Were to refuſe th' awards of Providence,

And

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And not to reſt in Heaven's determination.
Already have we ſhown our love to *Rome*,
Now let us ſhow ſubmiſſion to the Gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourſelves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no farther uſe: our country's cauſe,
That drew our ſwords, now wreſts 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in *Roman* blood,
Unprofitably ſhed; what men could do
Is done already: Heav'n and earth will witneſs,
If *Rome* muſt fall, that we are innocent.

SEMPRONIUS.

This ſmooth diſcourſe and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor——ſomething whiſpers me
All is not right—*Cato*, beware of *Lucius*. [*Aſide to* Cato.

CATO.

Let us appear nor raſh nor diffident:
Immoderate valour ſwells into a fault,
And fear, admitted into public counſels,
Betrays like treaſon. Let us ſhun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot ſee that our affairs
Are grown thus deſperate. We have bulwarks round us:
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In *Afric*'s heats, and ſeaſon'd to the ſun;
Numidia's ſpacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to riſe at its young Prince's call.
While there is hope, do not diſtruſt the Gods;
But wait at leaſt 'till *Cæſar*'s near approach

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Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should *Rome* fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish, but, in *Cato*'s judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gates
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arrived
From *Cæsar*'s camp, and with him comes old *Decius*,
The *Roman* knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with *Cato*.

CATO.

By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit* Marcus.

Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loose'd those ties, and bound him fast to *Cæsar*.
His message may determine our resolves.

SCENE

SCENE II.

DECIUS, CATO, &c.

DECIUS.

Cæsar sends health to *Cato.*———

CATO.

Could he send it
To *Cato*'s slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the Senate?

DECIUS.

My business is with *Cato: Cæsar* sees
The straits, to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

CATO.

My life is grafted on the fate of *Rome:*
Would he save *Cato?* bid him spare his country.
Tell your Dictator this: and tell him, *Cato*
Disdains a life, which he has pow'r to offer.

DECIUS.

Rome and her Senators submit to *Cæsar.*
Her Generals and her Consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not *Cato* be this *Cæsar*'s friend?

CATO.

Those very reasons, thou hast urg'd, forbid it.

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DECIUS.

Cato. I have orders to expoſtulate,
And reaſon with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the ſtorm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burſt upon it;
Still may you ſtand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with *Cæſar*.
Rome will rejoice, and caſt its eyes on *Cato*,
As on the ſecond of mankind.

CATO.

No more!
I muſt not think of life on ſuch conditions.

DECIUS.

Cæſar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore ſets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of *Cato*'s friendſhip;
And name your terms.

CATO.

Bid him diſband his legions,
Reſtore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public cenſure,
And ſtand the judgment of a *Roman* Senate.
Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his friend.

DECIUS.

Cato, the world talks loudly of your wiſdom——

CATO.

Nay more, tho' *Cato*'s voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varniſh crimes,

My-

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Myſelf will mount the *Roſtrum* in his favour,
And ſtrive to gain his pardon from the people.

DECIUS.

A ſtyle, like this, becomes a Conqueror.

CATO.

Decius, a ſtyle like this, becomes a *Roman*.

DECIUS.

What is a *Roman*, that is *Cæſar*'s foe?

CATO.

Greater than *Cæſar*: he's a friend to virtue.

DECIUS.

Conſider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica*,
And at the head of your own little Senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of *Rome* to ſecond you.

CATO.

Let him conſider that, who drives us hither:
'Tis *Cæſar*'s ſword has made *Rome*'s Senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a falſe glaring light,
Which conqueſt and ſucceſs have thrown upon him;
Didſt thou but view him right, thou'dſt ſee him black
With murder, treaſon, ſacrilege, and crimes
That ſtrike my ſoul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'ſt on me, as on a wretch
Beſet with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the Gods I ſwear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that *Cæſar*.

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DECIUS.

Does *Cato* ſend this anſwer back to *Cæſar*,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendſhip?

CATO.

His cares for me are inſolent and vain:
Preſumptuous man! the Gods take care of *Cato*.
Would *Cæſar* ſhow the greatneſs of his ſoul?
Bid him employ his care for theſe my friends,
And make good uſe of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By ſhelt'ring men much better than himſelf.

DECIUS.

Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a Man. You ruſh on your deſtruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embaſſy,
All *Rome* will be in tears. [*Exit* Decius.

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO, &c.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal *Rome*
Speaks in thy voice, thy ſoul breathes liberty:
Cæſar will ſhrink to hear the words thou utter'ſt,
And ſhudder in the midſt of all his conqueſts.

LU-

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LUCIUS.

The Senate owns its gratitude to *Cato*,
Who with ſo great a ſoul conſults its ſafety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

SEMPRONIUS.

Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius ſeems fond of life; but what is Life?
'Tis not to ſtalk about, and draw freſh air,
From time to time, or gaze upon the Sun;
'Tis to be Free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows inſipid, and has loſt its reliſh.
O could my dying hand but lodge a ſword
In *Cæſar*'s boſom, and revenge my country,
By Heav'ns I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And ſmile in agony.

LUCIUS.

Others perhaps
May ſerve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into ſo much rage.

SEMPRONIUS.

This ſober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm Patriots.

CATO.

Come! no more, *Sempronius*,
All here are friends to *Rome*, and to each other.
Let us not weaken ſtill the weaker ſide,
By our diviſions.

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SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, my reſentments
Are ſacrifice'd to *Rome*——I ſtand reproved.

CATO.

Fathers, 'tis time you come to a reſolve.

LUCIUS.

Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæſar's behaviour has convince'd the Senate
We ought to hold it out 'till terms arrive.

SEMPRONIUS.

We ought to hold it out 'till death; but, *Cato*,
My private voice is drown'd amidſt the Senate's.

CATO.

Then let us riſe, my friends, and ſtrive to fill
This little interval, this pauſe of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With reſolution, friendſhip, *Roman* bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heav'n may ſay, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewel——The young *Numidian* Prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counſels.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

CATO, JUBA.

CATO.

Juba, the *Roman* Senate has resolv'd
'Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on *Cæsar*.

JUBA.

The resolution fits a *Roman* Senate.
But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy patience
And condescend to hear a young Man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for *Utica*
(Alas, I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, my son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befal thy father,
Be *Cato*'s friend, he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

CATO.

Juba, thy father was a worthy Prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heaven thought otherwise.

JUBA.

My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude, that shines

Before

Before my face, in *Cato*'s great example,
Subdues my ſoul, and fills my eyes with tears.

CATO.

It is an honeſt ſorrow, and becomes thee.

JUBA.

My father drew reſpect from foreign climes:
The Kings of *Afric* ſought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden ſources of the *Nile*,
In diſtant Worlds, on t'other ſide the Sun:
Oft have their black ambaſſadors appeared,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of *Zama*.

CATO.

I am no ſtranger to thy father's greatneſs?

JUBA.

I would not boaſt the greatneſs of my father,
But point out new alliances to *Cato*.
Had we not better leave this *Utica*,
To arm *Numidia* in our cauſe, and court
Th' aſſiſtance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know *Cato*, our remoteſt Kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their ſwarthy hoſts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

CATO.

And canſt thou think
Cato will fly before the ſword of *Cæſar*?

Reduce'd

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Reduce'd like *Hannibal*, to ſeek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in *Africk*!

JUBA.

Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward cares
Would fain preſerve a life of ſo much value.
My heart is wounded, when I ſee ſuch virtue
Afflicted by the weight of ſuch misfortunes.

CATO.

Thy nobleneſs of ſoul obliges me.
But know, young Prince, that value ſoars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
Theſe are not ills; elſe would they never fall
On Heaven's firſt favourites, and the beſt of men:
The Gods, in bounty, work up ſtorms about us,
That give mankind occaſion to exert
Their hidden ſtrength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, which ſhun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the ſmooth ſeaſons and the calms of life.

JUBA.

I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'ſt! I pant for virtue!
And all my ſoul endeavours at perfection.

CATO.

Doſt thou love watchings, abſtinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? learn them from *Cato*:
Succeſs and fortune muſt thou learn from *Cæſar*.

JUBA.

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JUBA.

The beſt good fortune that can fall on *Juba*,
The whole ſucceſs, at which my heart aſpires,
Depends on *Cato*.

CATO.

What does *Juba* ſay?
Thy words confound me.

JUBA.

I would fain retract them,
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

CATO.

Tell me thy wiſh, young Prince; make not my ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

JUBA.

Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

CATO.

What can *Juba* aſk
That *Cato* will refuſe?

JUBA.

I fear to name it.
Marcia——inherits all her father's virtues.

CATO.

What would'ſt thou ſay?

JUBA.

Cato, thou haſt a daughter.

CATO.

Adieu, young Prince: I would not hear a word
Should

Should leſſen thee in my eſteem: remember
The hand of fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exacts ſeverity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conqueſt; liberty, or death.

SCENE V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPHAX.

How's this, my Prince! what, cover'd with confuſion?
You look as if yon ſtern Philoſopher
Had juſt now chid you.

JUBA.

Syphax, I'm undone!

SYPHAX.

I know it well.

JUBA.

Cato thinks meanly of me.

SYPHAX.

And ſo will all mankind.

JUBA.

I've opened to him
The weakneſs of my ſoul, my love for *Marcia*.

SYPHAX.

Cato's a proper perſon to intruſt
A love-tale with.

JUBA.

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JUBA.

Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My fooliſh heart! was ever wretch like *Juba*?

SYPHAX,

Alas, my Prince, how are you change'd of late!
I've known young *Juba* riſe, before the Sun,
To beat the thicket where the Tiger ſlept,
Or ſeek the Lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When firſt you rouſe'd him to the chace! I've ſeen you,
Even in the *Libyan* Dog days, hunt him down,
Then charge him cloſe, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and ſtooping from your Horſe
Rivet the panting ſavage to the ground.

JUBA.

Pr'ythee, no more!

SYPHAX.

How would the old King ſmile
To ſee you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the ſhaggy ſpoils about your ſhoulders!

JUBA.

Syphax, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd
In every word) would now loſe all its ſweetneſs.
Cato's diſpleas'd, and *Marcia* loſt for ever!

SYPHAX.

Young Prince, I yet could give you good advice.
Marcia might ſtill be yours.

JUBA.

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JUBA.

What say'ſt thou, *Syphax!*
By heav'n's, thou turn'ſt me all into attention.

SYPHAX.

Marcia might ſtill be yours.

JUBA.

As how, dear *Syphax?*

SYPHAX.

Juba commands *Numidia*'s hardy troops,
Mounted on ſteeds, unus'd to the reſtraint
Of curbs and bits, and fleeter than the wind:
Give but the word, we'll ſnatch this damſel up,
And bear her off.

JUBA.

Can ſuch diſhoneſt thoughts
Riſe up in man! would'ſt thou ſeduce my youth
To do an act that would deſtroy my honour?

SYPHAX.

Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperience'd men
To real miſchiefs, while they hunt a ſhadow.

JUBA.

Would'ſt thou degrade thy Prince into a Ruffian?

SYPHAX.

The boaſted Anceſtors of theſe great men,
Whoſe virtues you admire, were all ſuch Ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty *Rome*,

That

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That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under Heav'n, was founded on a Rape.
Your *Scipio's*, *Cæsar's*, *Pompey's*, and your *Cato's*,
(These Gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd *Sabines*.

JUBA.

Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our *Numidian* wiles.

SYPHAX.

Indeed, my Prince, you want to know the world;
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throws and swellings of a *Roman* soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

JUBA.

If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May *Juba* ever live in ignorance!

SYPHAX.

Go, go, you're young.

JUBA.

Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

SYPHAX.

I have gone too far. [*Aside.*

JUBA.

Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

SYPHAX.

I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*

Young

Young Prince, behold these locks that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

JUBA.

Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

SYPHAX.

Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
—Curse on the boy! how steddily he hears me! [*Aside.*

JUBA.

Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that *Numidia*'s crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy Prince with scorn?

SYPHAX.

Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
Does not old *Syphax* follow you to war?
What are his aims? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a cask
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aspires to:
Is it not this? to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

JUBA.

Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

SYPHAX.

Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to *Juba*,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My Prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:

But

But whilſt I live I muſt not hold my tongue,
And languiſh out old age in his diſpleaſure.

JUBA.

Thou know'ſt the way too well into my heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy Prince.

SYPHAX.

What greater inſtance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action, which my ſoul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

JUBA.

Was this thy motive? I have been too haſty.

SYPHAX.

And 'tis for this my Prince has call'd me traitor.

JUBA.

Sure thou miſtak'ſt; I did not call thee ſo.

SYPHAX.

You did indeed, my Prince, you call'd me traitor:
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to *Cato*.
Of what, my Prince, wou'd you complain to *Cato*?
That *Syphax* loves you, and would ſacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour in your ſervice.

JUBA.

Syphax, I know thou lov'ſt me, but indeed
Thy zeal for *Juba* carried thee too far.
Honour's a ſacred tie, the law of Kings,
The noble mind's diſtinguiſhing perfection,
That aids and ſtrengthens virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where ſhe is not:

It

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It ought not to be ſported with.

SYPHAX.

By Heavens
I'm raviſh'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!
Alas, I've hitherto been uſe'd to think
A blind officious zeal to ſerve my King
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a ſubject's heart.
Happy the people, who preſerve their honour,
By the ſame duties, that oblige their Prince!

JUBA.

Syphax, thou now begin'ſt to ſpeak thyſelf.
Numidia's grown a ſcorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our *Punic* faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, Prince, you make old *Syphax* weep
To hear you talk——but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be bleſt by *Cato*'s lectures.

JUBA.

Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and forwardneſs of age:
Thy Prince eſteems thy worth, and loves thy perſon.
If e'er the ſcepter comes into my hand,
Syphax ſhall ſtand the ſecond in my kingdom.

SY-

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SYPHAX.

Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it.

JUBA.

Syphax, farewel: I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In *Cato*'s thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

SYPHAX *solus.*

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both.—A false old traitor!
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:——
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine——

SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

Ah hail, *Sempronius!*
Well, *Cato*'s senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege, before it yields.

SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declare'd for Peace, and terms were offer'd

To

To *Cato* by a meſſenger from *Cæſar*.
Should they ſubmit, ere our deſigns are ripe,
We both muſt periſh in the common wreck,
Loſt in a general undiſtinguiſh'd ruin.

SYPHAX.

But how ſtands *Cato*?

SEMPRONIUS.

Thou haſt ſeen mount *Atlas*:
While ſtorms and tempeſts thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It ſtands unmove'd, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring ſoul,
'Midſt all the ſhocks and injuries of fortune,
Riſes ſuperior, and looks down on *Cæſar*.

SYPHAX.

But what's this meſſenger?

SEMPRONIUS.

I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That *Syphax* and *Sempronius* are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is *Juba* fixt?

SYPHAX.

Yes,——but it is to *Cato*.
I've try'd the force of every reaſon on him,
Sooth'd and careſs'd, been angry, ſooth'd again,
Laid ſafety, life, and intereſt in his ſight;
But all are vain, he ſcorns them all for *Cato*.

SEM-

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SEMPRONIUS.

Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy *Juba*'s cause, and wisheſt *Marcia* mine.

SYPHAX.

May she be thine as fast as thou would'st have her!

SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse
Her and myself, yet spite of me, I love her.

SYPHAX.

Make *Cato* sure, and give up *Utica*,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

SEMPRONIUS.

All, all is ready,
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of Philosophy and War.
Within an hour they'll storm the Senate house.

SYPHAX.

Mean while I'll draw up my *Numidian* troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,

And

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And, as I ſee occaſion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unſhaken *Cato*
Will look aghaſt, while unforeſeen deſtruction
Pours in upon him, thus from every ſide.
So, where our wide *Numidian* waſtes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes deſcend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the ſands, and ſweep whole plains away.
The helpleſs traveller, with wild ſurpriſe,
Sees the dry deſert all around him riſe,
And ſmother'd in the duſty whirlwind dies.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

MARCUS *and* PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

THANKS to my ſtars, I have not range'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature firſt pointed out my *Portius* to me,
And early taught me, by her ſecret force,
To love thy perſon, ere I knew thy merit;
Till, what was inſtinct, grew up into friendſhip.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, the friendſhips of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleaſure;
Ours has ſevereſt virtue for its baſis,
And ſuch a friendſhip ends not but with life.

MARCUS.

Portius, thou know'ſt my ſoul in all its weakneſs,
Then pr'ythee ſpare me on its tender ſide,
Indulge me but in love, my other paſſions
Shall riſe and fall by virtue's niceſt rules.

PORTIUS.

When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.

The

The ſtrong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wiſe,
Sink in the ſoft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to diſmiſs thy paſſion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to ſuppreſs its force,
'Till better times may make it look more graceful.

MARCUS.

Alas; thou talk'ſt like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a ſoul,
That pants, and reaches after diſtant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia*'s abſence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, riſe up at once,
And with variety of pain diſtract me.

PORTIUS.

What can thy *Portius* do to give thee help?

MARCUS.

Portius, thou oft enjoy'ſt the fair one's preſence:
Then undertake my cauſe, and plead it to her
With all the ſtrength and heats of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendſhip can inſpire.
Tell her thy brother languiſhes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his ſleep, and loaths his food,
That youth, and health, and war are joyleſs to him:
Deſcribe his anxious days, and reſtleſs nights,

And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office,
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

MARCUS.

Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

PORTIUS.

Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.
But here believe me I've a thousand reasons——

MARCUS.

I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season,
That *Cato*'s great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one that loves like me!
Oh *Portius*, *Portius*, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.

PORTIUS.

What should I do! if I discloſe my passion,
Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother. [*Aside.*

MARCUS.

But see where *Lucia*, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! observe her, *Portius!*
That face, that shape, those eyes, that Heaven of beauty!

Observe

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Obſerve her well, and blame me if thou canſt.

PORTIUS.

She ſees us, and advances———

MARCUS.

I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, *Portius*,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

SCENE II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

LUCIA.

Did I not ſee your brother *Marcus* here?
Why did he fly the place, and ſhun my preſence?

PORTIUS.

Oh, *Lucia*, language is too faint to ſhow
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he ſickens, he deſpairs, he dies:
His paſſions and his virtues lie confuſed,
And mixt together in ſo wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite diſfigur'd in him.
Heav'ns! would one think 'twere poſſible for love
To make ſuch ravage in a noble ſoul!
Oh, *Lucia*, I'm diſtreſt! my heart bleeds for him;
Even now, while thus I ſtand bleſt in thy preſence,
A ſecret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,

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And I'm unhappy, tho' thou ſmil'ſt upon me.

LUCIA.

How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the ſhock
Of love and friendſhip! think betimes, my *Portius*,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might inſure
Our mutual bliſs, would raiſe to ſuch a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps deſtroy him.

PORTIUS.

Alas, poor youth! what doſt thou think, my *Lucia*?
His generous, open, undeſigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to ſolicit for him.
Then do not ſtrike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and chear his ſoul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps, when we have paſs'd theſe gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the ſtorm that beats upon us——

LUCIA.

No, *Portius*, no! I ſee thy ſiſter's tears,
Thy father's anguiſh, and thy brother's death,
In the purſuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, *Portius*, here I ſwear, to Heav'n I ſwear,
To Heav'n, and all the pow'rs that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While ſuch a cloud of miſchiefs hangs about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts; as far—as I am able.

PORTIUS.

What haſt thou ſaid! I'm thunder-ſtruck!—recall
Thoſe

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Thoſe haſty words, or I am loſt for ever.

LUCIA.

Has not the Vow already paſs'd my lips?
The Gods have heard it, and 'tis ſeal'd in Heav'n.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

PORTIUS.

Fixt in aſtoniſhment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one juſt blaſted by a ſtroke from Heav'n,
Who pants for breath, and ſtiffens yet alive,
In dreadful looks: a monument of wrath!

LUCIA.

At length I've acted my ſevereſt part;
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.
But oh, I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I muſt forget thee.

PORTIUS.

Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

LUCIA.

O ſtop thoſe ſounds,
Thoſe killing ſounds! why doſt thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itſelf goes out at thy diſpleaſure.
The Gods forbid us to indulge our loves;
But oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live!

PORTIUS.

Talk not of love: thou never knew'ſt its force.

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I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliſs. O *Lucia*, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful Vow, loaden with death, ſtill ſounds
In my ſtunn'd ears. What ſhall I ſay or do?
Quick, let us part! perdition's in thy preſence,
And horror dwells about thee!——hah, ſhe faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my raſhneſs done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou beſt
And lovelieſt of thy ſex! awake, my *Lucia*,
Or *Portius* ruſhes on his ſword to join thee.
——Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They ſhut not out ſociety in death——
But ah! ſhe moves! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

LUCIA.

O *Portius*, was this well!——to frown on her
That lives upon thy ſmiles! to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!
——What do I ſay? my half-recover'd ſenſe
Forgets the Vow in which my ſoul is bound.
Deſtruction ſtands betwixt us! we muſt part.

PORTIUS.

Name not the word; my frighted thoughts run back,
And ſtartle into madneſs at the ſound.

LUCIA.

What would'ſt thou have me do? conſider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.

Think

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Think, *Portius*, think, thou ſeeſt thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all beſmear'd with blood,
Storming at heav'n and thee! thy awful Sire
Sternly demands the cauſe, th' accurſed cauſe,
That robs him of his ſon! poor *Marcia* trembles,
Then tears her hair, and frantic in her griefs
Calls out on *Lucia!* what could *Lucia* anſwer?
Or how ſtand up in ſuch a ſcene of ſorrow!

PORTIUS.

To my confuſion, and eternal grief,
I muſt approve the ſentence that deſtroys me.
The miſt, that hung about my mind, clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy Vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'ſt more fair,
More amiable, and riſeſt in thy charms.
Lovelieſt of women! Heav'n is in thy ſoul,
Beauty and virtue ſhine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine!

LUCIA.

Portius, no more! thy words ſhoot through my heart,
Melt my reſolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are thoſe tears of fondneſs in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? why ſwells thy ſoul with ſorrow?
It ſoftens me too much—farewell, my *Portius*,
Farewell, though death is in the word, For ever!

PORTIUS.

Stay, *Lucia* ſtay! what doſt thou ſay? For ever?

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LUCIA.

Have I not ſworn? if, *Portius*, thy ſucceſs
Muſt throw thy brother on his fate, farewel,
Oh, how ſhall I repeat the word! For-ever!

PORTIUS.

Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unſteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.
—Thou muſt not go, my ſoul ſtill hovers o'er thee,
And can't get looſe.

LUCIA.

If the firm *Portius* ſhake
To hear of parting, think what *Lucia* ſuffers!

PORTIUS.

'Tis true; unruffled and ſerene I've met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook'd for ſtorm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my ſtrength. I cannot bear it.
We muſt not part.

LUCIA.

What doſt thou ſay? not part?
Haſt thou forgot the Vow that I have made?
Are there not heav'ns, and gods, and thunder, o'er us!
——But ſee! thy brother *Marcus* bends this way!
I ſicken at the ſight. Once more, farewel,
Farewel, and know thou wrong'ſt me, if thou think'ſt
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

SCENE

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SCENE III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

Portius, what hopes? how ſtands ſhe? am I doom'd
To life or death?

PORTIUS.

What would'ſt thou have me ſay?

MARCUS.

What means this penſive poſture? thou appear'ſt
Like one amaz'd and terrified.

PORTIUS.

I've reaſon.

MARCUS.

Thy caſt-down looks, and thy diſorder'd thoughts
Tell me my fate. I aſk not the ſucceſs
My cauſe has found.

PORTIUS.

I'm griev'd I undertook it.

MARCUS.

What! does the barbarous maid inſult my heart,
My aking heart! and triumph in my pains?
That I could caſt her from my thoughts for ever?

PORTIUS.

Away! you're too ſuſpicious in your griefs:
Lucia, though ſworn never to think of love,

Come

Compaſſionates your pains, and pities you.

MARCUS.

Compaſſionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compaſſion when 'tis void of love!
Fool that I was to chooſe ſo cold a friend
To urge my cauſe! Compaſſionates my pains!
Pr'ythee what art, what rhetoric didſt thou uſe
To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!
To one that aſks the warm return of love,
Compaſſion's cruelty, 'tis ſcorn, 'tis death———

PORTIUS.

Marcus, no more! have I deſerv'd this treatment?

MARCUS.

What have I ſaid! O *Portius*, O forgive me!
A ſoul exaſperated in ills falls out
With every thing, its friend, its ſelf———but hah!
What means that ſhout, big with the ſounds of war?
What new alarm?

PORTIUS.

A ſecond, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

MARCUS.

Oh, for ſome glorious cauſe to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou haſt undone me! thy diſdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death muſt give me eaſe.

PORTIUS.

Quick, let us hence; who knows if *Cato*'s life
Stands ſure? O *Marcus*, I 'm warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

SEMPRONIUS *with the leaders of the mutiny.*

SEMPRONIUS.

At length the winds are rais'd, the ſtorm blows high;
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
'Till it has ſpent itſelf on *Cato*'s head.
Mean while I'll herd among his friends, and ſeem
One of the number, that what-e'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-ſoldiers may be ſafe.

1 *LEADER.*

We all are ſafe, *Sempronius* is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as *Cato*.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be ſure you beat him down, and bind him faſt.
This day will end our toils, and give us reſt:
Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our friend.

SCENE

SCENE V.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, MARCUS, &c.

CATO.

Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their General send a brave defiance?

SEMPRONIUS.

Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd! [*Aside.*

CATO.

Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for *Rome*,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fire'd with such motives you do well to join
With *Cato*'s foes, and follow *Cæsar*'s banners.
Why did I 'scape th' invenom'd Aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? why could not *Cato* fall
Without your guilt? behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injure'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than *Cato*?

Am

Am I diſtinguiſh'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of care?
Painful preeminence!

SEMPRONIUS.

By heavens they droop!
Confuſion to the villains! all is loſt. [*Aſide.*

CATO.

Have you forgotten *Libya*'s burning waſte,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of ſand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poiſon?
Who was the firſt t'explore th' untroden path,
When life was hazarded in every ſtep?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for ſtream
You ſunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the laſt in all your hoſt that thirſted?

SEMPRONIUS.

If ſome penurious ſource by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you ſcoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to *Cato*,
Did he not daſh th' untaſted moiſture from him?
Did he not lead you through the mid-day Sun,
And clouds of duſt? did not his temples glow
In the ſame ſultry winds and ſcorching heats?

CATO.

Hence, worthleſs men! hence! and complain to *Cæſar*
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardſhips that your leader bore.

LUCIUS.

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LUCIUS.

See, *Cato*, see th' unhappy men! they weep!
Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

CATO.

Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, commit these wretches to my care.
First let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impale'd, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the Sun.

LUCIUS.

Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

SEMPRONIUS.

How! would'st thou clear rebellion!
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders,
That would imbrue their hands in *Cato*'s blood.

CATO.

Forbear, *Sempronius!*——see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are Men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires

Severity,

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Severity, and juſtice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by juſt-vengeance guilty mortals periſh,
The Gods behold their puniſhment with pleaſure,
And lay th' uplifted thunder-bolt aſide.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, I execute thy will with pleaſure.

CATO.

Mean-while we'll ſacrifice to Liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd Forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of ſo much blood.)
O let it never periſh in your hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inſpire our ſouls,
And make our lives in thy poſſeſſion happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy juſt defence.

SCENE VI.

SEMPRONIUS *and the leaders of the mutiny.*

1 *LEADER.*

Sempronius, you have acted like yourſelf,
One would have thought you had been half in earneſt.

SEM-

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SEMPRONIUS.

Villain, ſtand off! baſe groveling worthleſs wretches,
Mongrils in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

2 LEADER.

Nay, now you carry it too far, *Sempronius:*
Throw off the maſk, there are none here but friends.

SEMPRONIUS.

Know, villains, when ſuch paltry ſlaves preſume
To mix in treaſon, if the plot ſucceeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're ſure to die like dogs, as you ſhall do.
Here, take theſe factious monſters, drag 'em forth
To ſudden death.

Enter Guards.

1 LEADER.

Nay, ſince it comes to this——

SEMPRONIUS.

Diſpatch 'em quick, but firſt pluck out their tongues,
Leſt with their dying breath they ſow ſedition.

SCENE VII.

SYPHAX *and* SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

Our firſt deſign, my friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play.

My

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My troops are mounted; their *Numidian* steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but *Sempronius* head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where *Marcus* keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into *Cæsar*'s camp.

SEMPRONIUS.

Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose:
Marcia, the charming *Marcia*'s left behind!

SYPHAX.

How? will *Sempronius* turn a woman's slave!

SEMPRONIUS.

Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth, and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

SYPHAX.

Well said! that's spoken like thyself, *Sempronius*.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

SEMPRONIUS.

But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none but *Juba*, and her brothers.

SYPHAX.

Thou shalt have *Juba*'s dress, and *Juba*'s guards:
The doors will open, when *Numidia*'s Prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

SEM.

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SEMPRONIUS.

Heav'ns what a thought is there! *Marcia*'s my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With growing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast and vary in her face?
So *Pluto*, seiz'd of *Proserpine*, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd *Jove* his sun-shine and his skies.

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

LUCIA.

NOW tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from thy ſoul,
If thou believ'ſt 'tis poſſible for woman
To ſuffer greater ills than *Lucia* ſuffers?

MARCIA.

O *Lucia! Lucia!* might my big-ſwoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a looſe to ſorrow:
Marcia could anſwer thee in ſighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

LUCIA.

I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd
By *Juba*, and thy father's friend *Sempronius*;
But which of theſe has pow'r to charm like *Portius!*

MARCIA.

Still muſt I beg thee not to name *Sempronius?*
Lucia, I like not that loud boiſterous man;
Juba to all the bravery of a Hero
Adds ſofteſt love, and more than female ſweetneſs:

Juba

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Juba might make the proudeſt of our ſex
Any of woman-kind, but *Marcia*, happy.

LUCIA.

And why not *Marcia?* come, you ſtrive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

MARCIA.

While *Cato* lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

LUCIA.

But ſhould this father give you to *Sempronius?*

MARCIA.

I dare not think he will: but if he ſhould——
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I ſuffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the ſound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each ſofter thought in ſenſe of preſent danger.
When love once pleads admiſſion to our hearts
(In ſpite of all the virtue we can boaſt)
The woman that deliberates is loſt.

SCENE

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SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, *dreſs'd like* JUBA, *with* Numidian *guards.*

SEMPRONIUS.

The Deer is lodg'd. I've track'd her to her covert.
Be ſure you mind the Word, and when I give it,
Ruſh in at once, and ſeize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
——How will the young *Numidian* rave, to ſee
His miſtreſs loſt? if aught could glad my ſoul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of ſo bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay Barbarian.
——But hark, what noiſe! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis *Juba*'s ſelf! there is but one way left——
He muſt be murder'd, and a paſſage cut [tremble!
Through thoſe his guards.——Hah, daſtards, do you
Or act like men, or by yon azure Heav'n——

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

What do I ſee? who's this that dares uſurp
The guards and habit of *Numidia*'s Prince?

SEMPRONIUS.

One that was born to ſcourge thy arrogance,
Preſumptuous youth!

JUBA.

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JUBA.

What can this mean? *Sempronius!*

SEMPRONIUS.

My ſword ſhall anſwer thee. Have at thy heart.

JUBA.

Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man!

[Semp. *falls. His guards ſurrender.*

SEMPRONIUS.

Curſe on my ſtars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand? diſfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dreſs, and for a worthleſs woman?
Gods, I'm diſtracted! this my cloſe of life!
O for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, ſea, and air, and Heav'n, and *Cato* tremble! [*Dies.*

JUBA.

With what a ſpring his furious ſoul broke looſe,
And left the limbs ſtill quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off thoſe ſlaves to *Cato*,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark deſign, this myſtery of fate.

SCENE

SCENE III.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and akes at every sound.
O *Marcia*, should thy brothers for my sake ——
I die away with horror at the thought.

MARCIA.

See, *Lucia*, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Hah! a *Numidian!* Heavens preserve the prince:
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But hah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And purple robes! O Gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A Virgin's heart, *Juba* lies dead before us!

LUCIA.

Now, *Marcia*, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength, and constancy of mind;
Thou can'st not put it to a greater trial.

MARCIA.

Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

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LUCIA.

What can I think or say to give thee comfort?

MARCIA.

Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight, that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA *listning.*

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

JUBA.

What do I hear? and was the false *Sempronius*
That best of men? O had I fallen like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

LUCIA.

Here will I stand, compassion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

MARCIA.

'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor *Marcia* happy.

JUBA.

I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?

MARCIA.

Oh he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,

A

A ſecret pleaſure gladen'd all that ſaw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudeſt *Roman* bluſh'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wiſe.

JUBA.

I ſhall run mad ———

MARCIA.

O *Juba! Juba! Juba!*

JUBA.

What means that voice! did ſhe not call on *Juba?*

MARCIA.

Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidſt its agonies, remember'd *Marcia*.
And the laſt words he utter'd call'd me Cruel!
Alas, he knew not, hapleſs youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole ſoul was full of love and *Juba!*

JUBA.

Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What *Marcia* thinks! all is *Elyſium* round me!

MARCIA.

Ye dear remains of the moſt lov'd of men!
Nor modeſty nor virtue here forbid
A laſt embrace, while thus ———

JUBA.

See, *Marcia*, ſee. [*Throwing himſelf before her.*
The happy *Juba* lives! he lives to catch

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That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerneſs of love.

MARCIA.

With pleaſure and amaze, I ſtand tranſported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art *Juba*, who lies there?

JUBA.

A wretch,
Diſguis'd like *Juba* on a curs'd deſign.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haſte of love, to find thee:
I found thee weeping, and confeſs this once,
Am rapt with joy to ſee my *Marcia*'s tears.

MARCIA.

I've been ſurpriſe'd in an unguarded hour,
But muſt not now go back: the love, that lay
Half ſmother'd in my breaſt, has broke through all
Its weak reſtraints, and burns in its full luſtre,
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

JUBA.

I'm loſt in ecſtaſy! and doſt thou love,
Thou charming maid?

MARCIA.

And doſt thou live to aſk it?

JUBA.

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JUBA.

This, this is life indeed! life worth preſerving,
Such life as *Juba* never felt 'till now!

MARCIA.

Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myſelf how much I lov'd thee.

JUBA.

O fortunate miſtake!

MARCIA.

O happy *Marcia!*

JUBA.

My joy! my beſt belov'd! my only wiſh!
How ſhall I ſpeak the tranſport of my ſoul!

MARCIA.

Lucia, thy arm! O let me reſt upon it!——
The vital blood, that had forſook my heart,
Returns again in ſuch tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.——
O Prince! I bluſh to think what I have ſaid,
But fate has wreſted the confeſſion from me;
Go on, and proſper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuſe my paſſion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

JUBA.

I am ſo bleſt, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now haſt made amends for all
Thy paſt unkindneſs. I abſolve my ſtars.
What though *Numidia* add her conquer'd towns

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And provinces, to swell the victor's triumph!
Juba will never at his fate repine;
Let *Cæsar* have the world, if *Marcia*'s mine.

SCENE IV.

A March at a Distance.

CATO, *and* LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

I stand astonisht! what, the bold *Sempronius!*
That still broke foremost through the crowd of Patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous ev'n to madness ——

CATO.

Trust me, *Lucius*,
Our civil discords have produce'd such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surprisa'd at nothing.
——O *Lucius*, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the Sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORTIUS.

But see where *Portius* comes! what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus changed?

PORTIUS.

My heart is griev'd.
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

CATO.

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CATO.

Has *Cæsar* shed more *Roman* blood?

PORTIUS.

Not so.
The traitor *Syphax*, as within the square
He exercise'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his *Numidian* horse
To the south gate, where *Marcus* holds the watch;
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain,
He toss't his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like *Sempronius*.

CATO.

Perfidious man! but haste, my son, and see
Thy brother *Marcus* acts a *Roman*'s part. [*Exit* Portius.
——*Lucius*, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is *Cæsar*'s: *Cato* has no business in it.

LUCIUS.

While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her *Cato*'s presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to *Cæsar*,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

CATO.

Would *Lucius* have me live to swell the number
Of *Cæsar*'s slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of *Rome*, and own a tyrant?

LUCIUS.

The victor never will impose on *Cato*

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Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confeſs
The virtues of humanity are *Cæſar*'s.

CATO.

Curſe on his virtues! they've undone his Country.
Such popular humanity is treaſon——
But ſee young *Juba!* the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious ſubjects.

LUCIUS.

Alas, poor Prince! his fate deſerves compaſſion.

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

I bluſh, and am confounded to appear
Before thy preſence, *Cato.*

CATO.

What's thy crime?

JUBA.

I'm a *Numidian.*

CATO.

And a brave one too.
Thou haſt a *Roman* ſoul.

JUBA.

Haſt thou not heard
Of my falſe countrymen?

CATO.

Alas, young Prince,
Falſhood and fraud ſhoot up in every ſoil,
The product of all climes——*Rome* has its *Cæſars.*

JUBA.

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JUBA.

'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the diſtreſt.

CATO.

'Tis juſt to give applauſe where 'tis deſerv'd;
Thy virtue, Prince, has ſtood the teſt of fortune,
Like pureſt gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

JUBA.

What ſhall I anſwer thee? my raviſh'd heart
O'erflows with ſecret Joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praiſe, O *Cato*, than *Numidia*'s empire.

Re-enter PORTIUS.

PORTIUS.

Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother *Marcus*.——

CATO.

Hah! what has he done!
Has he forſook his poſt? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em paſs?

PORTIUS.

Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the ſhields of his ſurviving ſoldiers,
Breathleſs and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long at the head of his few faithful friends,
He ſtood the ſhock of a whole hoſt of foes;
'Till obſtinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppreſt with multitudes, he greatly fell.

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CATO.

I'm satisfy'd.

PORTIUS.

Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of *Syphax*.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

CATO.

Thanks to the Gods! my boy has done his duty.
——*Portius*, when I am dead, before thou place
His urn near mine.

PORTIUS.

Long may they keep asunder!

LUCIUS.

O *Cato*, arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corps of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO *meeting the Corps.*

Welcome my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
—— How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
——Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blush'd if *Cato*'s house had stood

Secure

Secure, and flouriſh'd in a civil war.
——— *Portius*, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.

JUBA.

Was ever man like this! [*Aſide.*

CATO.

Alas my friends!
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loſs
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our tears.
The miſtreſs of the world, the ſeat of empire,
The nurſe of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud Tyrants of the earth,
And ſet the nations free, *Rome* is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

JUBA.

Behold that upright man! *Rome* fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead ſon. [*Aſide.*

CATO.

Whate'er the *Roman* virtue has ſubdu'd,
The Sun's whole courſe, the day and year, are *Cæſar*'s.
For him the ſelf-devoted *Decii* dy'd,
The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipios* conquer'd:
Even *Pompey* fought for *Cæſar*. Oh my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The *Roman* empire fallen! O curſt Ambition!
Fallen into *Cæſar*'s hands! our great Forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

JUBA.

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JUBA.

While *Cato* lives, *Cæsar* will bluſh to ſee
Mankind enſlave'd, and be aſhame'd of empire.

CATO.

Cæsar aſhame'd! has not he ſeen *Pharſalia*?

LUCIUS.

Cato, 'tis time thou ſave thyſelf and us.

CATO.

Loſe not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
Heav'n will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar ſhall never ſay I conquer'd *Cato*.
But oh! my friends, your ſafety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thouſand ſecret terrors
Riſe in my ſoul: how ſhall I ſave my friends!
'Tis now, O *Cæsar*, I begin to fear thee.

LUCIUS.

Cæsar has mercy, if we aſk it of him.

CATO.

Then aſk it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done againſt him, *Cato* did it.
Add, if you pleaſe, that I requeſt it of him,
The virtue of my friends may paſs unpuniſh'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy ſake.
Should I adviſe thee to regain *Numidia*,
Or ſeek the conqueror?——

JUBA.

If I forſake thee
Whilſt I have life, may heaven abandon *Juba*!

CATO.

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CATO.

Thy virtues, Prince, if I foreſee aright,
Will one day make thee great; At *Rome*, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been *Cato*'s friend.
Portius, draw near! My ſon, thou oft haſt ſeen
Thy Sire engage'd in a corrupted ſtate,
Wreſtling with vice and faction: now thou ſeeſt me
Spent, overpower'd, deſpairing of ſucceſs:
Let me adviſe thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal ſeat, the *Sabine* field,
Where the great *Cenſor* toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal Anceſtors were bleſt
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retire'd, pray for the peace of *Rome*;
Content thyſelf to be obſcurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear ſway,
The poſt of honour is a private ſtation.

PORTIUS.

I hope, my father does not recommend
A life to *Portius*, that he ſcorns himſelf.

CATO.

Farewel, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not truſt the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ſhips prepare'd by my command,
(Their ſails already opening to the winds)
That ſhall convey you to the wiſht-for port.
Is there aught elſe, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewel!

If

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If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where *Cæsar* never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead Son.*
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm Patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Tho' still, by faction, vice, and fortune, croft,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not loft.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO ſolus, *ſitting in a thoughtful poſture: In his hand* Plato's *book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn ſword on the Table by him.*

IT muſt be ſo —— *Plato*, thou reaſon'ſt well! ——
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis heav'n itſelf, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful, thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs?
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect, lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs, reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, muſt be happy.

But

But when! or where!—This world was made for *Cæsar*.
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end 'em.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

SCENE

SCENE II.

CATO, PORTIUS.

CATO.

But hah! how's this, my ſon? why this intruſion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I diſobey'd?

PORTIUS.

Alas, my father!
What means this ſword? this inſtrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!

CATO.

Raſh youth, forbear!

PORTIUS.

O let the prayers, th' intreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wreſt it from you.

CATO.

Would'ſt thou betray me? would'ſt thou give me up
A ſlave, a captive, into *Cæſar*'s hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man! ———

PORTIUS.

Look not thus ſternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than diſobey you.

CATO.

'Tis well! again I'm maſter of myſelf.

Now

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Now, *Cæsar*, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes———

PORTIUS.

O Sir, forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so? be not displeased,
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

CATO.

Thou hast been ever good and dutiful. [*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my son. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour *Cato*, and preserve his children.

PORTIUS.

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

CATO.

Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embarked:
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

POR-

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PORTIUS.

My thoughts are more at eaſe, my heart revives.

SCENE III.

PORTIUS *and* MARCIA.

PORTIUS.

O *Marcia*, O my ſiſter, ſtill there's hope!
Our father will not caſt away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retir'd to reſt, and ſeems to cheriſh
Thoughts full of peace. He has diſpatcht me hence
With orders, that beſpeak a mind compoſed,
And ſtudious for the ſafety of his friends,
Marcia, take care that none diſturb his ſlumbers.

MARCIA.

O ye immortal powers, that guard the juſt,
Watch round his couch, and ſoften his repoſe,
Baniſh his ſorrows, and becalm his ſoul
With eaſy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And ſhow mankind that goodneſs is your care.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Where is your father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato*?

MARCIA.

Lucia, ſpeak low, he is retire'd to reſt.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Riſe in my ſoul. We ſhall be happy ſtill.

LUCIA.

Alas, I tremble when I think on *Cato*,
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is ſtern, and awful as a God;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakneſs that he never felt.

MARCIA.

Though ſtern and awful to the foes of *Rome*,
He is all goodneſs, *Lucia*, always mild,
Compaſſionate, and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domeſtic tenderneſs, the beſt,
The kindeſt father! I have ever found him
Eaſy, and good, and bounteous to my wiſhes.

LUCIA.

'Tis his conſent alone can make us bleſt.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the ſame intricate, perplext, diſtreſs.

The

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The cruel hand of fate, that has deſtroy'd
Thy brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament——

MARCIA.

And ever ſhall lament, unhappy youth!

LUCIA.

Has ſet my ſoul at large, and now I ſtand
Looſe of my Vow. But who knows *Cato*'s thoughts;
Who knows how yet he may diſpoſe of *Portius*,
Or how he has determin'd of thyſelf?

MARCIA.

Let him but live! commit the reſt to heaven.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Sweet are the ſlumbers of the virtuous man!
O *Marcia*, I have ſeen thy godlike father:
Some power inviſible ſupports his ſoul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatneſs.
A kind refreſhing ſleep is fallen upon him:
I ſaw him ſtretcht at eaſe, his fancy loſt
In pleaſing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He ſmil'd, and cry'd, *Cæſar* thou canſt not hurt me.

MARCIA.

His mind ſtill labours with ſome dreadful thought.

LUCIUS.

Lucia, why all this grief, theſe floods of ſorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child, we are all ſafe
While *Cato* lives——his preſence will protect us.

Enter

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Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

Lucius, the horſemen are return'd from viewing
The number, ſtrength, and poſture of our foes,
Who now incamp within a ſhort hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright weſtern tower
We ken them from afar, the ſetting Sun
Plays on their ſhining arms and burniſh'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

LUCIUS.

Marcia, 'tis time we ſhould awake thy father.
Cæſar is ſtill diſpoſe'd to give us terms,
And waits at diſtance 'till he hears from *Cato*.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks ſpeak ſomewhat of importance.
What tidings doſt thou bring? methinks I ſee
Unuſual gladneſs ſparkling in thy eyes.

PORTIUS.

As I was haſting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a paſſage,
Accuſe the ling'ring winds, a ſail arrived
From *Pompey*'s ſon, who through the realms of *Spain*
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And roufes the whole nation up to arms.
Were *Cato* at their head, once more might *Rome*
Aſſert her rights, and claim her liberty.

But

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But hark! what means that groan! O give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence.

LUCIUS.

Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on *Rome*,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country.——hah! a second groan!——
Heaven guard us all——

MARCIA.

Alas, 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound——

Enter PORTIUS.

PORTIUS.

O sight of woe!
O *Marcia*, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword ——

LUCIUS.

O *Portius*,
Hide all the horrours of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

PORTIUS.

I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair, where pale, and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[*The back Scene opens, and discovers* Cato.

MAR-

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MARCIA.

O heav'n assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father.

JUBA.

These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O *Cæsar!*

LUCIUS.

Now is *Rome* fallen indeed!

[Cato *brought forward in his Chair.*

CATO.

Here set me down——
Portius come near me—— are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
——O *Lucius*, art thou here?——thou art too good!——
Let this our friendship live between our children;
Make *Portius* happy in thy daughter *Lucia*.
Alas poor man, he weeps!——*Marcia*, my daughter——
——O bend me forward!——*Juba* loves thee, *Marcia*.
A Senator of *Rome*, while *Rome* survived,
Would not have match'd his Daughter with a King,
But *Cæsar*'s arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is Brave and Virtuous, is a *Roman*.——
——I'm sick to death——O when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!
——And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,

If

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If I have done amiſs, impute it not! ———
The beſt may err, but you are good, and—oh! [Dies.

LUCIUS.

There fled the greateſt ſoul that ever warm'd
A *Roman* breaſt; O *Cato!* O my friend!
Thy will ſhall be religiouſly obſerv'd.
But let us bear this awful corps to *Cæſar*,
And lay it in his ſight, that it may ſtand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, tho' dead, ſhall ſtill protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil diſcord flow.
'Tis this that ſhakes our country with alarms,
And gives up *Rome* a prey to *Roman* arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and ſtrife,
And robs the Guilty world of *Cato*'s life.

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EPILOGUE

By Dr. *GARTH.*

Spoken by Mrs. *PORTER.*

WHAT odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who wou'd not liſten when young lovers woo?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt;
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Would you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves——you may:
Be ſpiteful!——and believe the thing we ſay;
We hate you when you're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourſelves would chooſe,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.

Blame

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EPILOGUE.

Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms;
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate!
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Even churches are no sanctuaries now:
There, golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains;
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia *find a* Cato's *son.*

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To Her ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCESS of *WALES*,

With the Tragedy of *CATO. Nov.* 1714.

THE Muſe that oft, with ſacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inſpir'd,
And, boldly riſing for *Britannia*'s laws,
Engage'd great *Cato* in her country's cauſe,
On You ſubmiſſive waits, with hopes aſſur'd,
By whom the mighty bleſſing ſtands ſecur'd,
And all the glories, that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
No longer ſhall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boaſt her royal progeny's increaſe,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to ſtrengthen and to grace our iſle!
While you, fair PRINCESS, in your Offspring ſmile,
Supplying charms to the ſucceeding age,
Each heav'nly Daughter's triumphs we preſage;
Already ſee th' illuſtrious youths complain,
And pity Monarchs doom'd to ſigh in vain.

Thou

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Thou too, the darling of our fond deſires,
Whom *Albion*, opening wide her arms, requires,
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.
O *England*'s younger hope! in whom conſpire
The mother's ſweetneſs, and the father's fire?
For thee perhaps, even now, of kingly race
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some *Carolina*, to heaven's dictates true,
Who, while the ſcepter'd rivals vainly ſue,
Thy inborn worth with conſcious eyes ſhall ſee,
And ſlight th' Imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the proſpect of ſucceſſive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring ſtrains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppreſt,
Endanger'd rights and liberty diſtreſt:
To milder ſounds each Muſe ſhall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to Kings inſpire,
And filial love; bid impious diſcord ceaſe,
And ſooth the madding factions into peace;
Or riſe ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new Monarch's praiſe,
Deſcribe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And *Cæſar*'s power with *Cato*'s virtue join'd.
Mean-while, bright PRINCESS, who, with graceful eaſe
And native majeſty are form'd to pleaſe,
Behold thoſe Arts with a propitious eye,
That ſuppliant to their great protectreſs fly!

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Then ſhall they triumph, and the *Britiſh* ſtage
Improve her manners, and refine her rage,
More noble characters expoſe to view,
And draw her finiſht heroines from you.
Nor you the kind indulgence will refuſe,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathleſs Muſe:
The deathleſs Muſe with undiminiſht rays
Through diſtant times the lovely dame conveys,
To *Gloriana Waller*'s harp was ſtrung;
The Queen ſtill ſhines, becauſe the Poet ſung.
Even all thoſe graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find;
(Content our ſhort-liv'd praiſes to engage,
The joy and wonder of a ſingle age),
Unleſs ſome Poet in a laſting ſong
To late poſterity their fame prolong,
Inſtruct our ſons the radiant form to prize,
And ſee your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

TO

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TO

Sir *GODFREY KNELLER*,

ON HIS

PICTURE of the KING.

KNELLER, with ſilence and ſurpriſe
We ſee *Britannia*'s Monarch riſe,
A godlike form, by thee diſplay'd
In all the force of light and ſhade;
And, aw'd by thy delufive hand,
As in the preſence-chamber ſtand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His ſecret ſoul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildneſs ſhows,
His care of friends, and ſcorn of foes:
In every ſtroke, in every line,
Does ſome exalted virtue ſhine,
And *Albion*'s happineſs we trace
Through all the features of his face.

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O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their Sov'reign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles graced,
And stampt on *British* coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mold,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial Sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoice'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the *Peruvian* mine.

Thou, *Kneller*, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vie'd
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by Monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of state array'd,
The Kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy *Charles* appears, and there
His Brother with dejected air:

Trium-

Triumphant *Nassau* here we find,
And with him bright *Maria* join'd;
There *Anna*, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her Hero was disgrac't:
O may sam'd *Brunswick* be the last,
(Though heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest *British* King,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!
  Wise *Phidias*, thus his skill to prove,
Through many a God advance'd to *Jove*,
And taught the polisht rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
'Till *Greece*, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.
  Great *Pan*, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
Old *Saturn* too with up-cast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty *Mars*, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis the troubled ocean's Queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,

Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling Son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The *Titan*-race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their King defy'd.
This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produce'd, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a *GEORGE*, or carv'd a *Jove*?

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POEMATA.

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HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU

ARMIGERO,

SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO,

ÆRARII PRÆFECTO,

REGI à SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, &c.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obſtrepat vatum nequiſſimorum turba, nihil eſt cur queraris aliquid inuſitatum tibi contigiſſe, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conſpexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præſtant Britanni, recens ex rebus geſtis teſtatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus Pacis ſtudiis non emineamus, indicio ſunt quos nuper in lucem emiſimus

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emiſimus verſiculi. Quod ſi CONGREVIUS ille tuus divino, quo ſolet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornaſſet, vix tanti eſſet ipſa Pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditiſſimis Poetis tam miſere decantata. At, dum alios inſector, mei ipſius oblitus fuiſſe videor, qui haud minores forſan ex Latinis tibi moleſtias allaturus ſum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis ſuis carminibus attulerunt; niſi quod inter ipſos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci poſſem, ut poema patrio ſermone conſcriptum oculis tuis ſubjicerem, qui ab iſtis conatibus cæteros omnes ſcribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

HUMANITATIS TUÆ

CULTOR DEVOTISSIMUS,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

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Pax Gulielmi Auſpiciis Europæ reddita, 1697.

Poſtquam ingens clamorque virûm, ſtrepituſque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aſpice, Cæſar,
Quæ tibi ſoliciti, turba importuna, Poetæ
Munera deducunt: generoſæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, ſimulachraque belli
Triſtia diffugiant: O tandem abſiſte triumphis
Expletus, penituſque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroſo milite campi
Miſcentur, ſolito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Deſertas foſſas, et caſtra minantia caſtris
Ruſticus invertit, tacita formidine luſtrans
Horroremque loci, et funeſtos ſtragibus agros.
Jamque ſuper vallum et munimina longa vireſcit
Expectata ſeges, jam propugnacula rident

Vera

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Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.
Aspicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis
Oppida, et eversos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum Annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirit seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famososque ORMONDI volvere campos!
Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparsa furit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique saxis
Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
Desuper horrificis, & formidabile pendent!
Hic pestem occultam, & fœcundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaque membra,
Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.

* Honoratissimus D. Dominus CUTTS, Baro de Gowran, &c.

Sic,

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Sic, postquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Ossam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate locorum.
Nempe hic AURIACI nuper vexilla secutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totam conscripta per orbem
Agmina, NASSOVIque latus socialibus armis
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura miscent,
Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis.
Te tamen e mediis, * Ductor Fortissime, turmis
Exere, Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, populique encomia sera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris æstus

* Insig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.

Non

Non jubar Arctoum, aut noſtri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua ſol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, teneriſque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generoſæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix ſuſpicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam friguſque perambulat, urſæ
Horridus exuviis, GULIELMI ingentia facta
Deſcribit ſociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vaſtos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deſerit, imperio extremum * qui ſubjicit orbem,
Indigenaſque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; ſubeunt nunc fuſa Namurcæ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ ſanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiſcreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Aſſurgit! quali firmat veſtigia greſſu,
Majeſtate rudi, et torvo ſpectabilis ore.
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
Inſtratus ſpoliis, vaſta ſe mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectiſque ingens ſuccederet hoſpes.
Dum pugnas, GULIELME, tuas, campoſque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non jam Riphæos hoſtis populabitur agros

* Moſcoviæ Imperator.

Impune,

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Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
NASSOVIUM ingeminant! video cava littora circum
Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
NASSOVI secura tui, desiste tumentes
Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, truceſque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Sollicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.
Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.
Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.
Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monstris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo

Serpen-

Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis GULIELME erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumstat fremitu denso: Tibi Jupiter annum
Serius invertit, luces mirata serenas
Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.
Jamque * Nepos tibi parvus adest, lætoque juventæ
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
Ut Patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut Mater formosa serenat
Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!
Agnosco faciem ambiguam, mixtosque parentes.
Ille tuas, GULIELME, acies, et tristia bella,
Pugnasque innocua dudum sub imagine lusit.
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit: interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas

* Celsissimus Princeps Dux Glocestrensis.

Purpureo

Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Auguſtæ immenſas in carmine pompas
Inſtruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effuſa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura ſordes?
Quis lapſus referet ſtellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram oſtendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubuloſque bitumine caſſos?
En procul attonitam video clareſcere noctem
Fulgore inſolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagranteſque hyemes; crepitantia ſidera paſſim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus id terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomaſque feras, et fulgida monſtra,
Terribiles viſu formas! hic membra Leonis
Hiſpida mentitur, tortiſque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilaſque jubas; hic lubricus Anguem
Ludit, ſubſiliens, et multo ſibilat igne.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effuſa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem ſecurus agit, poſitoque timore
Exercet ventos, claſſemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Seu conſtricta gelu, mediiſque horrentia Cancri
Menſibus arva videt; ſeu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miſcet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illuſtres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc ſtillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi

Parta

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Parta quies, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

Barometri Descriptio.

QUA penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.
Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes;
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amictu
Ambiit, et gratam suadente libidine formam,

Depluit

Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, ſume tubum fragilem, cui denſior aër
Excluſus; fundo vitri ſubſidat in imo
Argenti ſtagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile deſcendat, vel contra, ubi poſtulat æſtas,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rurſus inane
Occupet aſcenſu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.
Jam cœli faciem tempeſtateſque futuras
Conſcia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor inſurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos ſperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æſtatem, et large diffuſo lumine rident.
Sin ſeſe immodicum attollens Argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppreſſus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam ſitiunt herbæ, jam ſuccos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent conſumto prata virore.
Cum vero tenues nebulas ſpiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant ſuper æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fuſile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior Ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, craſſa fruitur ſublimius aura,
Diſcutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, diſperſas frigora ſtipant
Particulas, rarufque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, ſegetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta miniſtrat.

Quin

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Quin ubi plus æquo deſcendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, metuenſque procellæ,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aſpicit; oſtendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempeſtatemque ſonoram.
At licet Argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subſidat, penituſque imo ſe condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; everſis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, ſpumantibus æſtuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effuſa licentia ponti.
Nulla tacet ſecreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit,
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando ſperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obſcura diem, pluviaſque minantur;
Machina ſi neget, et ſudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poſcentes Meſſor ariſtas
Proſternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΤΥΜΑΙΟ.

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ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ,

SIVE

PRÆLIUM

INTER

PYGMÆOS et GRUES commissum.

PEnnatas acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmæadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
Pieridum labor exhausit, versuque sonoro
Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem GULIELMI
Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum

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Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem ?
Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus ;
Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
Heroas, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hostem.
Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessa vireta)
Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata finebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas
Exiguis videt, et vestigia parva stupescit.
Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna, et securo crepitat Grus improba nido.
Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies ; tum, si quis cominus alas
Congredi, et immanis audenes se credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque ferocibus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque repertæ
Ingentem prædam ; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpe improvisa macrabat, sæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri potuisset onus, volucremque futuram ;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, fœtusque necaret.

Immeritos'

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Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.
Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virûmque
Commissa strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit; ubi totam strepitoque armisque paludem
Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.
Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Caystri
Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro.
Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepit alis,
Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longe
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther

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Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella facessit
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas composta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.
Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æterniſque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confisus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti:
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aëra pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.

Belli

Belli ardent ſtudio Pygmæi, et lumine ſævo
Suſpiciunt hoſtem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico ſeſe ſuper agmina lapſu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum ſperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulſæ volitant circum aera plumæ.
Mox deſeſſa iterum levibus ſeſe eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuſpide, ſanguineo ſeſe furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, roſtrumque intendit in hoſtem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic ſtillat lentus de vulnere ſanguis,
Singultuſque ciet crebros, pedibuſque puſillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æſtuat omne ſolum ſtrepitu, tepidoque rubeſcit
Sanguine, ſparguntur gladii, ſparguntur et alæ,
Ungueſque et digiti, commiſtaque roſtra lacertis.
Pygmeadum ſævit, mediiſque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fuſa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plauſu alarum, nec roſtri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum denſiſſima circum
Miſcetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, ſubito appulſus (ſic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis Ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triſte relatu)
Suſtulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat ſtrepitu globus undique denſus

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Alituum; fraſtra Pygmæi lumine mœſto
Regem inter nubes lugent, ſolitoque minorem
Heroem aſpiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus eſcam.
Jamque recrudeſcit bellum, Grus deſuper urget
Pygmæum roſtro, atque hoſtem petit ardua morſu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is ſurſum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes fævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cælum Briareus, ſolioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; ſparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque ſcopulique: flagrantia tela deorſum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vaſta Gigantum
Corpora fuſa jacent, ſemiuſtaque ſulphure fumant.
Viribus abſumptis penitus Pygmeïa tandem
Agmina langueſcunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculſa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; late populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Inſtant à tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: Nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus Regna manet, ſunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra tranſire nefas: ſic corruit olim
Aſſyriæ Imperium, ſic magnæ Perſidis imis
Sedibus everſum eſt, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elyſii valles nunc agmine luſtrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miſcetur grandibus umbris

Plebs

Plebs parva : aut, ſi quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, Paſtores per noctis opaca puſillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore caſſos.
Dum ſecura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Anguſtoſque terit calles, virideſque per orbes
Turba levis ſalit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

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RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA

Ad Altare Col. Magd. Oxon.

EGregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.
Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
Vestiit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia late
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan,

Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.
Sic, operis postquam lusit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullamque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,

Vultum truncata, atque inhoneſto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deeſt informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita inſinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fuſa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos ſpectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inſpice murum,
Qua ſedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipſe, ſereno
Lumine perfuſus, radiiſque inſperſus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor ſpirat, nitet igais ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majeſtas numine toto.
Quantum diſſimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non ſua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed fruſtra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et ſuper æthera vectus
Deſpexit lunam exiguam, ſolemque minorem.
Jam latus effoſſum, et palmas oſtendit utraſque,
Vulnuſque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et tranſacti quondam veſtigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numeroſaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capeſſunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes

Affigunt

Affigunt oculos in Numine ; laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hoſpite cum tumet incluſo, et præcordia ſentit
Mota Dei ſtimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perſtringit lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitra effigiem diſtinxit pictor, honeſto
Surgentem è tumulo, alatoque ſatellite fultam?
Agnoſco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
* Wainfletus, ſic ille oculos, ſic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur Imago!
Quando alium ſimilem virtus habitura!——
Irati innocuas ſecurus numinis iras
Aſpicit, impavidoſque in Judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas ſcenam; multo hic ſtagnantia fuco
Mœnia flagrantem liquefacto ſulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falſus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida ſerpat opus, tenueſque abſumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpiſque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex à tergo implacabile ſævit, et enſem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante ſceleſtos

* Coll. Magd. Fundator.

Jam

Jam Paradiſeis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat triſtis? quo ſe cœleſtibus iris
Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem ſuſpiria ducit
Nequicquam, et fero in lachrymas effunditur; obſtant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus veſtigia! quanta colorum
Gratia ſe profert! tales non diſcolor Iris
Oſtendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta ſcintillat in omni.
O ſuci nitor, o pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ langueſcat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipſa, ſupremam.

SPHÆ-

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SPHÆRISTERIUM.

HIC ubi graminea in latum ſeſe explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum ſolem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Deſecat, exiguam radens a ceſpite meſſem:
Tum motu aſſiduo ſaxum verſatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et ſurgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæſtram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus eſſe rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, faciliſque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque ſuis inciſa notis ſtat ſphæra; ſed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuſo multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diverſa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque finit procedere recto.
Poſtquam ideo in partes turbam diſtinxerat æquas
Conſilium, aut ſors; quiſque ſuis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, qua curſum meta futurum
Deſignat; jactique legens veſtigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, ſphæram demittit, at illa

Leniter

Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat: subito globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur, iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.
Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram à recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:

Evolat

Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.
Haud ita prosiliens Eleo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingat socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia———
Si vero incursus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spolietur honore:
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omne viretum.
Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et salsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam Zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

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AD

D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM

MEDICUM et POETAM.

O Qui canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Feliciore luctuosis
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis;
Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor WILHELMI, nunc moveat sitim
Minister ingens, imperîque
Præsidium haud leve, MONTACUTUS,

Omitte

Omitte tandem triſte negotium
Graveſque curas, heu nimium pius!
Nec cæteros cautus mederi
Ipſe tuam minuas ſalutem.
Fruſtra cruorem pulſibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam
Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:
Fruſtra liquores quot Chymica expedit
Fornax, et error ſanguinis, et vigor
Innatus herbis te fatigant:
Serius aut citius ſepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitaque deſeret
Expulſa morbis corpus inhoſpitum,
Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
(Relliquias animæ) cadaver.
Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
Suumque victorem viciſſim
Subjiciet Libitina victrix.
Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit moleſtam, urgetque curas
Sponte ſua ſatis ingruentes;
Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiiſque
Innocuis bene temperata.

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Machinæ Gesticulantes,

ANGLICE.

A PUPPET-SHOW.

ADmiranda cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent,
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.

Sed

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Sed præter reliquos incedit HOMUNCIO rauca
Voce ſtrepens; major ſubnectit fibula veſtem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibuſque lacertis
Confiſus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro ſolvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur ſolenni feria pompa,
Sperait ſollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et riſu importunus adeſt, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit Nympham, invitoque dat oſcula ligno.
Sed comitum vulgus diverſis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario laſcivit mobile ſaltu.
Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et ſpectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidiſque ſuperbit in oſtris.
Nam, quoties feſtam celebrat ſub imagine lucem,
Ordine compoſito Nympharum incedit honeſtum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique Quirites.
Pygmæos credas poſitis miteſcere bellis,
Jamque, infenſa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, teneriſque vacare choreis.
Tales, cum medio labuntur ſidera cœlo,
Parvi ſubſiliunt Lemures, populuſque puſillus
Feſtivos, rediens ſua per veſtigia, gyros
Ducit, et anguſtum crebro pede pulſitat orbem.

Mane

Mane patent greſſus ; hic ſuccos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina ſurgunt
Luxuriem, teneriſque vireſcit circulus herbis.
At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi ſurgunt bella, horrida bella tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ ; uſque adeo inſincera voluptas
Omnibus, et miſtæ caſtigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingeſto ſulphure fœti,
Protenſæque haſtæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes ſubeunt ; dant clauſtra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ ſtridente bitumine chartæ
Confuſos reddunt crepitus, et ſibila miſcent.
Sternitur omne ſolum pereuntibus ; undique cæſæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
Sed poſtquam inſanus pugnæ deferbuit æſtus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diverſas repetunt artes, curaſque priores.
Nec raro priſci heroes, quos pagina ſacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt ſpecie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, Patres.
Rugis ſulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet : ſic tarda ſenectus
TITHONUM minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem ſenſim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poſcat turba moventem,
Expediam.

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Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas ſpecies, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humeriſque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus inſuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte puſillum
Verſat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque miniſtrat.
His ſtructa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Oſtendit ſulcos, duri et veſtigia ferri:
Hinc ſalit, atque agili ſe ſublevat incita motu,
Voceſque emittit tenues, et non ſua verba.

Ad Inſigniſſimum Virum

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

Sacræ Theoriæ Telluris Autorem.

NON uſitatum carminis alitem,
BURNETTE, poſcis, non humiles modos:
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Reſpuis officium camœnæ.
Tu mixta rerum ſemina conſcius,
Molemque cernis diſſociabilem,
Terramque

Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, follicitus parum
Utcunque ſtet commune vulgi
Arbitrium et popularis error.
Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapſa tellus lubrica deſerit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Suppoſitas gravis urget undas.
Impulſus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effuſa licentia
Claudit viciſſim; has inter orbis
Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.
Nunc et recluſo carcere lucidam
Balæna ſpectat ſolis imaginem,
Stellaſque miratur nutantes,
Et tremulæ ſimulacra lunæ.
Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis?
Qualis caleſcit ſpiritus ingenî!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiſcens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum doloſi
Detegis inſtabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum ſumere ſimplicem

Coget

Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbis rubentem ſulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis ſævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata buſtum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liqueſcens ipſe adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt reſoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et veſtra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
BURNETTE, veſtra augebit ignes,
Heu ſocio peritura mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox ſubitus viror
Ubique rident: En teretem globum!
En læta vernantes Favoni
Flamina, perpetuoſque flores!
O pectus ingens! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem! ſi bonus auguror,
Te, noſtra quo tellus ſuperbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

THE

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THE

DRUMMER,

OR THE

HAUNTED-HOUSE.

A

COMEDY.

As it is acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane.*

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

——— *Falſis terroribus implet*
Ut magus ——— Hor.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCLIII.

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THE

PREFACE.

HAVING recommended this Play to the Town, and delivered the Copy of it to the Bookseller, I think myself obliged to give some Account of it.

It had been some Years in the Hands of the Author, and falling under my Perusal, I thought so well of it, that I persuaded him to make some Additions and Alterations to it, and let it appear upon the Stage. I own I was very highly pleased with it, and lik'd it the better, for the want of those studied Similes and Repartees,

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which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our Plays, to indulge and gain upon a falſe Taſte that has prevailed for many Years in the *Britiſh* Theatre. I believe the Author would have condeſcended to fall into this way a little more than he has, had he before the writing of it been often preſent at Theatrical Repreſentations. I was confirmed in my Thoughts of the Play, by the Opinion of better Judges to whom it was communicated, who obſerved that the Scenes were drawn after *Moliere's* Manner, and that an eaſy and natural Vein of Humour ran through the whole.

I do not queſtion but the Reader will diſcover this, and ſee many Beauties that eſcaped the Audience; the Touches being too delicate for every Taſte in a Popular Aſſembly. My Brother-Sharers were of Opinion, at the firſt reading of it, that it was like a Picture in which the Strokes were not ſtrong enough to appear at a diſtance. As it is not in the common way of writing, the Approbation was at firſt doubtful, but has riſen every time it has been

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been Acted, and has given an Opportunity in ſeveral of its Parts for as juſt and good Action as ever I ſaw on the Stage.

The Reader will conſider that I ſpeak here, not as the Author, but as the Patentee. Which is, perhaps, the Reaſon why I am not diffuſe in the Praiſe of the Play, leſt I ſhould ſeem like a Man who cries up his own Wares only to draw in Cuſtomers.

RICHARD STEELE.

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PROLOGUE.

IN this grave Age, when Comedies are few,
We crave your Patronage for one that's New;
Tho' 'twere poor Stuff, yet bid the Author fair,
And let the Scarceneſs recommend the Ware.
Long have your Ears been fill'd with tragic Parts,
Blood and Blank-Verſe have harden'd all your Hearts;
If e'er you ſmile, 'tis at ſome Party Strokes,
Round-heads *and* Wooden-ſhoes *are ſtanding Jokes;*
The ſame Conceit gives Claps and Hiſſes Birth,
You're grown ſuch Politicians in your Mirth!
For once we try (tho' 'tis I own unſafe,)
To pleaſe you All, and make both Parties laugh.
Our Author, anxious for his Fame to-night,
And baſhful in his firſt Attempt to write,
Lies cautiouſly obſcure and unreveal'd,
Like ancient Actors in a Maſk conceal'd.
Cenſure, when no Man knows who writes the Play,
Were much good Malice merely thrown away.
The mighty Critics will not blaſt, for ſhame,
A raw young Thing, who dares not tell his Name:
Good-natur'd Judges will th' Unknown defend,
And fear to blame, leſt they ſhou'd hurt a Friend:
Each Wit may praiſe it, for his own dear Sake,
And hint he writ it, if the Thing ſhou'd take.

But

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But if you're rough, and uſe him like a Dog,
Depend upon it ——— *He'll remain Incog.*
If you ſhou'd hiſs, he ſwears he'll hiſs as high,
And, like a Culprit, *join the Hue-and-Cry.*
If cruel Men are ſtill averſe to ſpare
Theſe Scenes, they fly for Refuge to the Fair.
Tho' with a Ghoſt our Comedy be heighten'd,
Ladies, upon my word, you ſhan't be frighten'd;
O, 'tis a Ghoſt that ſcorns to be uncivil,
A well-ſpread, luſty, Jointure-hunting Devil;
An am'rous Ghoſt, that's faithful, fond and true,
Made up of Fleſh and Blood ——— *as much as you.*
Then every Evening come in Flocks, undaunted,
We never think this Houſe is too much Haunted.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir George Truman,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Tinſel,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Fantome *the Drummer*,	Mr. *Mills.*
Vellum, *Sir* George Truman's *Steward*,	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Butler,	Mr. *Penkethman.*
Coachman,	Mr. *Miller.*
Gardiner,	Mr. *Norris.*
Lady Truman,	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Abigal,	Mrs. *Saunders.*

THE

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THE DRUMMER: OR, THE HAUNTED-HOUSE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Great Hall.

Enter the Butler, Coachman, *and* Gardiner.

BUTLER.

THERE came another Coach to Town laſt Night, that brought a Gentleman to enquire about this ſtrange Noiſe, we hear in the Houſe. This Spirit will bring a power of Cuſtom to the *George*—If ſo be he continues his Pranks, I deſign to ſell a Pot of Ale, and ſet up the Sign of the Drum.

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COACHMAN.

I'll give Madam warning, that's flat—I've always liv'd in ſober Families. I'll not diſparage myſelf to be a Servant in a Houſe that is haunted.

GARDINER.

I'll e'en marry *Nell*, and rent a bit of Ground of my own, if both of you leave Madam; not but that Madam's a very good Woman—if Mrs. *Abigal* did not ſpoil her—come, here's her Health.

BUTLER.

It's a very hard thing to be a Butler in a Houſe, that is diſturb'd. He made ſuch a Racket in the Cellar laſt Night, that I'm afraid he'll ſour all the Beer in my Barrels.

COACHMAN.

Why then, *John*, we ought to take it off as faſt as we can. Here's to you—He rattled ſo loud under the Tiles laſt Night, that I verily thought the Houſe wou'd have fallen over our Heads. I durſt not go up into the Cock-loft this Morning, if I had not got one of the Maids to go along with me.

GARDINER.

I thought I heard him in one of my Bed-poſts—I marvel, *John*, how he gets into the Houſe when all the Gates are ſhut.

BUTLER.

Why look ye, *Peter*, your Spirit will creep you into an Augre-hole:—he'll whiſk you through a Key-hole, without ſo much as juſtling againſt one of the Wards.

COACHMAN.

Poor Madam is mainly frighted, that's certain, and verily believes 'tis my Maſter that was kill'd in the laſt Campaign.

BUTLER.

Out of all Manner of queſtion, *Robin*, 'tis Sir *George*. Mrs. *Abigal* is of Opinion it can be none but his Honour; he always lov'd the Wars, and you know was

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was mightily pleas'd from a Child with the Music of a Drum.

GARDINER.

I wonder his Body was never found after the Battle.

BUTLER.

Found! Why, you fool, is not his Body here about the House? Dost thou think he can beat his Drum without Hands and Arms?

COACHMAN.

'Tis Master as sure as I stand here alive, and I verily believe I saw him last Night in the Town-close.

GARDINER.

Ay! how did he appear?

COACHMAN.

Like a white Horse.

BUTLER.

Pho, *Robin*, I tell ye he has never appear'd yet but in the Shape of the Sound of a Drum.

COACHMAN.

This makes one almost afraid of one's own Shadow. As I was walking from the Stable t'other Night without my Lanthorn, I fell across a Beam, that lay in my way, and faith my Heart was in my Mouth—I thought I had stumbled over a Spirit.

BUTLER.

Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a Straw; why, a Spirit is such a little little Thing, that I have heard a Man, who was a great Scholar, say, that he'll dance a *Lancashire* Horn-pipe upon the point of a Needle—As I sat in the Pantry last Night counting my Spoons, the Candle methought burnt blue, and the spay'd Bitch look'd as if she saw something.

COACHMAN.

Ay poor Cur, she's almost frighten'd out of her Wits.

GARDINER.

Ay I warrant ye, she hears him many a time and often when we don't.

BUT-

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BUTLER.

My Lady muſt have him laid, that's certain, whatever it coſt her.

GARDINER.

I fancy, when one goes to market, one might hear of ſomebody that can make a ſpell.

COACHMAN.

Why may not the parſon of our pariſh lay him?

BUTLER.

No, no, no, our parſon cannot lay him.

COACHMAN.

Why not he as well as another Man?

BUTLER.

Why, ye fool, he is not qualified—He has not taken the oaths.

GARDINER.

Why, d'ye think *John*, that the Spirit wou'd take the law of him?—faith, I cou'd tell you one way to drive him off.

COACHMAN.

How's that?

GARDINER.

I'll tell you immediately [*drinks*]—I fancy Mrs. *Abigal* might ſcold him out of the houſe.

COACHMAN.

Ay, ſhe has a tongue that would drown his Drum, if any thing cou'd.

BUTLER.

Pugh, this is all froth! you underſtand nothing of the matter—the next time it makes a noiſe, I tell you what ought to be done,—I wou'd have the ſteward ſpeak *Latin* to it.

COACHMAN.

Ay, that wou'd do, if the ſteward had but courage.

GARDINER.

There you have it—He's a fearful man. If I had as much

much learning as he, and I met the ghoſt, I'd tell him his own! but alack what can one of us poor men do with a Spirit, that can neither write nor read.

BUTLER.

Thou art always cracking and boaſting, *Peter*; thou doſt not know what miſchief it might do thee, if ſuch a ſilly dog as thee ſhould offer to ſpeak to it. For ought I know, he might flea thee alive, and make parchment of thy ſkin to cover his Drum with.

GARDINER.

A fiddleſtic! tell not me — I fear nothing; not I! I never did harm in my life, I never committed murder.

BUTLER.

I verily believe thee, keep thy temper, *Peter*; after ſupper we'll drink each of us a double mug, and then let come what will.

GARDINER.

Why that's well ſaid, *John*, an honeſt man that is not quite ſober, has nothing to fear — Here's to ye — why how if he ſhou'd come this minute, here wou'd I ſtand. Ha! what noiſe is that?

BUTLER and *COACHMAN.*

Ha! where?

GARDINER.

The devil! the devil! Oh no, 'tis Mrs. *Abigal.*

BUTLER.

Ay faith! 'tis ſhe; 'tis Mrs. *Abigal!* a good miſtake! 'tis Mrs. *Abigal.*

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIGAL.

Here are your drunken ſots for you! Is this a time to be guzzaling, when gentry are come to the houſe! why don't you lay your cloth? How come you out of the ſtables? Why are not you at work in your garden?

GAR-

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GARDINER.

Why, yonder's the fine *Londoner* and Madam fetching a walk together, and methought they look'd as if they ſhould ſay they had rather have my room than my company.

BUTLER.

And ſo forſooth being all three met together, we are doing our endeavours to drink this ſame Drummer out of our heads.

GARDINER.

For you muſt know, Mrs. *Abigal*, we are all of opinion that one can't be a match for him, unleſs one be as drunk as a Drum.

COACHMAN.

I am reſolved to give Madam warning to hire herſelf another Coachman; for I came to ſerve my Maſter d'ye ſee, while he was alive, but do ſuppoſe that he has no farther occaſion for a coach, now he walks.

BUTLER.

Truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I muſt needs ſay, that this ſame Spirit is a very odd ſort of a body, after all, to fright Madam and his old ſervants at this rate.

GARDINER.

And truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I muſt needs ſay, I ſerv'd my Maſter contentedly, while he was living; but I will ſerve no man living, (that is, no Man that is not living) without double Wages.

ABIGAL.

Ay, 'tis ſuch cowards as you that go about with idle ſtories to diſgrace the houſe, and bring ſo many Strangers about it; you firſt frighten yourſelves, and then your neighbours.

GARDINER.

Frighten'd! I ſcorn your words. Frighten'd quoth-a!

ABIGAL.

What, you ſot! are you grown pot-valiant?

GAR-

GARDINER.

Frighten'd with a Drum! that's a good one! it will do us no harm, I'll anſwer for it. It will bring no bloodſhed along with it, take my word. It ſounds as like a train-band Drum as ever I heard in my life.

BUTLER.

Pr'ythee, *Peter*, don't be ſo preſumptuous.

ABIGAL.

Well, theſe drunken rogues take it as I could wiſh. [*Aſide.*

GARDINER.

I ſcorn to be frightned, now I am in for't; if old *Dub-a-dub* ſhould come into the room, I wou'd take him —

BUTLER.

Pr'ythee hold thy tongue.

GARDINER.

I would take him — [*The Drum beats, the* Gardiner *endeavours to get off, and falls.*

BUTLER and *COACHMAN.*

Speak to it, Mrs. *Abigal.*

GARDINER.

Spare my life, and take all I have.

COACHMAN.

Make off, make off, good Butler, and let us go hide ourſelves in the cellar. [*They all run off.*

ABIGAL *ſola.*

ABIGAL.

So, now the coaſt is clear, I may venture to call out my Drummer—But firſt let me ſhut the door, leſt we be ſurpris'd. Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome!* [*He beats,*] Nay, nay, pray come out, the enemy's fled — I muſt ſpeak with you immediately — don't ſtay to beat a parley.

[*The back Scene opens, and diſcovers* Fantome *with a Drum.*

FAN-

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FANTOME.

Dear Mrs. *Nabby*, I have overheard all that has been ſaid, and find thou haſt manag'd this thing ſo well, that I could take thee in my arms, and kiſs thee — if my Drum did not ſtand in my way.

ABIGAL.

Well, O' my conſcience, you are the merrieſt ghoſt! and the very Picture of Sir *George Truman*.

FANTOME.

There you flatter me, Mrs. *Abigal*: Sir *George* had that freſhneſs in his looks, that we Men of the town cannot come up to.

ABIGAL.

Oh! Death may have alter'd you, you know—beſides, you muſt conſider, you loſt a great deal of blood in the battle.

FANTOME.

Ay, that's right; let me look never ſo pale, this cut croſs my forehead will keep me in countenance.

ABIGAL.

'Tis juſt ſuch a one as my Maſter receiv'd from a curſed *French* trooper, as my Lady's Letter inform'd her.

FANTOME.

It happens luckily that this ſuit of cloaths of Sir *George*'s fits me ſo well,—I think I can't fail hitting the air of a Man with whom I was ſo long acquainted.

ABIGAL.

You are the very Man — I vow I almoſt ſtart when I look upon you.

FANTOME.

But what good will this do me, if I muſt remain inviſible?

ABIGAL.

Pray what good did your being viſible do you? The air Mr. *Fantome* thought no Woman cou'd withſtand im — But when you were ſeen by my Lady in your proper

proper Perſon, after ſhe had taken a full ſurvey of you, and heard all the pretty things you cou'd ſay, ſhe very civilly diſmiſs'd you for the ſake of this empty, noiſy creature *Tinſel*. She fancies you have been gone from hence this fortnight.

FANTOME.

Why really I love thy Lady ſo well, that tho' I had no hopes of gaining her for myſelf, I cou'd not bear to ſee her given to another, eſpecially ſuch a wretch as *Tinſel*.

ABIGAL.

Well, tell me truly, Mr. *Fantome*, have you not a great opinion of my fidelity to my dear Lady, that I would not ſuffer her to be deluded in this manner, for leſs than a thouſand pound?

FANTOME.

Thou art always remembring me of my promiſe—thou ſhalt have it, if thou canſt bring our project to bear; doſt not know that ſtories of ghoſts and apparitions generally end in a pot of money?

ABIGAL.

Why, truly now Mr. *Fantome*, I ſhou'd think myſelf a very bad Woman, if I had done what I do, for a farthing leſs.

FANTOME.

Dear *Abigal*, how I admire thy virtue!

ABIGAL.

No, no, Mr. *Fantome*, I defy the worſt of my enemies to ſay I love miſchief for miſchief ſake.

FANTOME.

But is thy Lady perſuaded that I am the ghoſt of her deceaſed huſband?

ABIGAL.

I endeavour to make her believe ſo, and tell her every time your Drum rattles, that her huſband is chiding her for entertaining this new lover.

FAN-

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FANTOME.

Pr'ythee make uſe of all thy art, for I am tir'd to death with ſtrolling round this wide old houſe like a Rat behind a wainſcot.

ABIGAL.

Did not I tell you, 'twas the pureſt place in the world for you to play your tricks in? there's none of the family that knows every hole and corner in it, beſides myſelf.

FANTOME.

Ah Mrs. *Abigal!* you have had your intrigues——

ABIGAL.

For you muſt know, when I was a romping young girl, I was a mighty lover of *hide and ſeek.*

FANTOME.

I believe, by this time, I am as well acquainted with the houſe as yourſelf.

ABIGAL.

You are very much miſtaken, Mr. *Fantome*; but no matter for that; here is to be your ſtation to-night. This is the place unknown to any one living beſides myſelf, ſince the death of the Joiner; who, you muſt underſtand, being a lover of mine, contriv'd the wainſcot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I deſign'd it for a wardrobe for my Lady's caſt cloaths. Oh! the ſtomachers, ſtays, petticoats, commodes, lac'd ſhoes, and good things I have had in it——pray take care you don't break the cherry-brandy bottle that ſtands up in the corner.

FANTOME.

Well, Mrs. *Abigal*, I hire your cloſet of you but for this one night——a thouſand pound you know is a very good rent.

ABIGAL.

Well, get you gone; you have ſuch a way with you, there's no denying you any thing!

FAN-

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FANTOME.

I'm a thinking how *Tinsel* will ſtare when he ſees me come out of the wall: for I'm reſolv'd to make my appearance to-night.

ABIGAL.

Get you in, get you in, my Lady's at the door.

FANTOME.

Pray take care ſhe does not keep me up ſo late as ſhe did laſt night, or depend upon it I'll beat the Tattoo.

ABIGAL.

I'm undone! I'm undone — [*As he is going in.*] Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome*, you have put the thouſand pound bond into my brother's hands.

FANTOME.

Thou ſhalt have it, I tell thee, thou ſhalt have it.

[Fantome *goes in.*

ABIGAL.

No more words—vaniſh, vaniſh.

Enter LADY.

ABIGAL, [*opening the door.*]

Oh, dear Madam, was it you that made ſuch a knocking? my heart does ſo beat — I vow you have frighted me to death — I thought verily it had been the Drummer.

LADY.

I have been ſhowing the garden to Mr. *Tinſel*; he's moſt inſufferably witty upon us about the ſtory of the Drum.

ABIGAL.

Indeed, Madam, he's a very looſe man! I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor maſter from reſting in his grave.

LADY.

Well! an *Infidel* is ſuch a novelty in the country, that

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that I am reſolv'd to divert myſelf a day or two at leaſt with the oddneſs of his converſation.

ABIGAL.

Ah, Madam! the Drum began to beat in the houſe as ſoon as ever this creature was admitted to viſit you. All the while Mr. *Fantome* made his addreſſes to you, there was not a mouſe ſtirring in the family more than us'd to be ——

LADY.

This baggage has ſome deſign upon me, more than I can yet diſcover. [*Aſide.*] — Mr. *Fantome* was always thy favourite.

ABIGAL.

Ay, and ſhould have been yours too, by my conſent! Mr. *Fantome* was not ſuch a ſlight fantaſtic thing as this is. —— Mr. *Fantome* was the beſt-built Man one ſhou'd ſee in a ſummer's day! Mr. *Fantome* was a Man of Honour, and lov'd you! Poor Soul! how he ſigh'd when he has talk'd to me of my hard-hearted Lady. — Well! I had as lief as a thouſand pounds you would marry Mr. *Fantome!*

LADY.

To tell thee truly, I lov'd him well enough till I found he lov'd me ſo much. But Mr. *Tinſel* makes his Court to me with ſo much Neglect and Indifference, and with ſuch an agreeable Saucineſs — Not that I ſay I'll marry him.

ABIGAL.

Marry him, quoth-a! no, if you ſhould, you'll be awaken'd ſooner than marry'd Couples generally are— You'll quickly have a Drum at your window.

LADY.

I'll hide my contempt of *Tinſel* for once, if it be but to ſee what this Wench drives at. [*Aſide.*

ABIGAL.

Why, ſuppoſe your Huſband, after this fair Warning he

he has given you, shou'd found you an Alarm at mid-night; then open your Curtains with a Face as pale as my Apron, and cry out with a hollow Voice, What dost thou do in Bed with this spindle-shank'd Fellow?

LADY.

Why wilt thou needs have it to be my Husband? he never had any reason to be offended at me. I always lov'd him while he was living, and should prefer him to any Man, were he so still. Mr. *Tinsel* is indeed very idle in his Talk, but I fancy, *Abigal*, a discreet Woman might reform him.

ABIGAL.

That's a likely matter indeed! did you ever hear of a Woman who had power over a Man, when she was his Wife, that had none while she was his Mistress! Oh! there's nothing in the World improves a Man in his Complaisance like Marriage!

LADY.

He is indeed, at present, too familiar in his Conversation.

ABIGAL.

Familiar! Madam, in troth, he's downright rude.

LADY.

But that you know, *Abigal*, shows he has no Dissimulation in him — Then he is apt to jest a little too much upon grave Subjects.

ABIGAL.

Grave Subjects! he jests upon the Church.

LADY.

But that you know, *Abigal*, may be only to shew his Wit — Then it must be own'd, he's extremely talkative.

ABIGAL.

Talkative d'ye call it! he's downright impertinent.

LADY.

But that you know, *Abigal*, is a sign he has been us'd

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us'd to good Company — Then indeed he is very positive.

ABIGAL.

Positive! why, he contradicts you in every thing you say.

LADY.

But then you know, *Abigal*, he has been educated at the Inns of Court.

ABIGAL.

A blessed education indeed! it has made him forget his Catechism!

LADY.

You talk as if you hated him.

ABIGAL.

You talk as if you lov'd him.

LADY.

Hold your tongue! here he comes.

Enter TINSEL.

TINSEL.

My dear Widow.

ABIGAL.

My dear Widow, marry come up! [*Aside,*

LADY.

Let him alone, *Abigal*, so long as he does not call me My dear Wife, there's no harm done.

TINSEL.

I have been most ridiculously diverted since I left you — your servants have made a convert of my booby. His head is so fill'd with this foolish story of a Drummer, that I expect the rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a message by moon-light.

LADY.

Ah, Mr. *Tinsel*, what a loss of billet-doux would that be to many a fine lady!

ABI-

ABIGAL.

Then you ſtill believe this to be a foolish ſtory? I thought my Lady had told you, that ſhe had heard it herſelf.

TINSEL.

Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL.

Why, you would not perſuade us out of our ſenſes.

TINSEL.

Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL.

There's manners for you, Madam. [*Aſide.*

LADY.

Admirably rally'd! that laugh is unanſwerable! now I'll be hang'd if you could forbear being witty upon me, if I ſhould tell you I heard it no longer ago than laſt night.

TINSEL.

Fancy!

LADY.

But what if I ſhould tell you my maid was with me!

TINSEL.

Vapours! vapours! pray, my dear Widow, will you anſwer me one queſtion? — had you ever this noiſe of a Drum in your head, all the while your huſband was living?

LADY.

And pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, will you let me aſk you another queſtion; do you think we can hear in the country, as well as you do in town?

TINSEL.

Believe me, Madam, I could preſcribe you a cure for theſe imaginations.

ABIGAL.

Don't tell my Lady of imaginations, Sir, I have heard it myſelf.

TIN-

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TINSEL.

Hark thee, child — art thou not an old maid?

ABIGAL.

Sir, if I am, it is my own fault.

TINSEL.

Whims! freeks! megrims! indeed Mrs. *Abigal.*

ABIGAL.

Marry, Sir, by your talk one would believe you thought every thing that was good is a megrim.

LADY.

Why truly I don't very well underſtand what you mean by your doctrine to me in the garden juſt now, that every thing we ſaw was made by chance.

ABIGAL.

A very pretty ſubject indeed for a lover to divert his miſtreſs with.

LADY.

But I ſuppoſe that was only a taſte of the converſation you would entertain me with after marriage.

TINSEL.

Oh, I ſhall then have time to read you ſuch lectures of motions, atoms, and nature — that you ſhall learn to think as freely as the beſt of us, and be convinc'd in leſs than a month, that all about us is chance-work.

LADY.

You are a very complaiſant perſon indeed; and ſo you would make your court to me, by perſuading me that I was made by chance!

TINSEL.

Ha, ha, ha! well ſaid, my dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky hit, that's certain.

LADY.

Pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, where did you learn this odd way of talking?

TINSEL.

Ah, Widow, 'tis your country innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

LADY.

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LADY.

Tho' you give no credit to ſtories of apparitions, I hope you believe there are ſuch things as ſpirits!

TINSEL.

Simplicity!

ABIGAL.

I fancy you don't believe women have ſouls, d'ye Sir?

TINSEL.

Fooliſh enough!

LADY.

I vow, Mr. *Tinſel*, I'm afraid malicious people will ſay I'm in love with an Atheiſt.

TINSEL.

Oh, my dear, that's an old faſhion'd word — I'm a Free-thinker, child.

ABIGAL.

I am ſure you are a free ſpeaker.

LADY.

Really, Mr. *Tinſel*, conſidering that you are ſo fine a Gentleman, I'm amaz'd where you got all this learning! I wonder it has not ſpoil'd your breeding.

TINSEL.

To tell you the truth, I have not time to look into theſe dry matters myſelf, but I am convinc'd by four or five learned men, whom I ſometimes overhear at a Coffee-houſe I frequent, that our forefathers were a pack of aſſes, that the world has been in an error for ſome thouſands of years, and that all the people upon earth, excepting thoſe two or three worthy Gentlemen, are impos'd upon, cheated, bubbled, abus'd, bamboozl'd —

ABIGAL.

Madam, how can you hear ſuch a profligate? he talks like the *London* prodigal.

LADY.

Why really, I'm a thinking, if there be no ſuch things

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as ſpirits, a woman has no occaſion for marrying—ſhe need not be afraid to lie by herſelf.

TINSEL.

Ah! my dear! are huſbands good for nothing but to frighten away ſpirits? doſt thou think I could not inſtruct thee in ſeveral other comforts of matrimony?

LADY.

Ah! but you are a man of ſo much knowledge that you would always be laughing at my ignorance — you learned men are ſo apt to deſpiſe one!

TINSEL.

No, Child! I'd teach thee my principles, thou ſhould'ſt be as wiſe as I am — in a week's time.

LADY.

Do you think your principles would make a woman the better wife?

TINSEL.

Pr'ythee, Widow, don't be queer.

LADY.

I love a gay temper, but I would not have you rally things that are ſerious.

TINSEL.

Well enough faith! where's the jeſt of rallying any thing elſe!

ABIGAL.

Ah, Madam, did you ever hear Mr. *Fantome* talk at this rate? [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

But where's this ghoſt! the Son of a whore of a Drummer? I'd fain hear him methinks.

ABIGAL.

Pray, Madam, don't ſuffer him to give the ghoſt ſuch ill language, eſpecially when you have reaſon to believe it is my maſter.

TINSEL.

That's well enough faith, *Nab*; doſt thou think thy maſter

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master is so unreasonable, as to continue his claim to his Relict after his bones are laid? Pray, Widow, remember the words of your contract, you have fulfilled them to a tittle—did not you marry Sir *George* to the tune of, *'till death us do part?*

LADY.

I must not hear Sir *George*'s memory treated in so slight a manner — this fellow must have been at some pains to make himself such a finish'd coxcomb. [*Aside.*

TINSEL.

Give me but possession of your person, and I'll whirl you up to town for a winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a country Lady come to *London* with frightful stories of the hall-house being haunted, of fairies, spirits, and witches; that by the time she had seen a Comedy, play'd at an Assembly, and ambled in a Ball or two, has been so little afraid of bugbears, that she has ventur'd home in a chair at all hours of the night.

ABIGAL.

Hum—saucebox. [*Aside.*

TINSEL.

'Tis the solitude of the country that creates these whimsies; there was never such a thing as a Ghost heard of at *London*, except in the play-house — Oh we'd pass all our time in *London*. 'Tis the scene of pleasure and diversions, where there's something to amuse you every hour of the day. Life's not life in the country.

LADY.

Well then, you have an opportunity of shewing the sincerity of that love to me which you profess. You may give a proof that you have an affection to my person, for my jointure.

TINSEL.

Your jointure! how can you think me such a dog! but child, won't your jointure be the same thing in *London* as in the country?

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LADY.

No, you're deceiv'd! you muſt know it is ſettled on me by marriage-articles, on condition that I live in this old manſion-houſe, and keep it up in repair.

TINSEL.

How!

ABIGAL.

That's well put, Madam.

TINSEL.

Why, faith, I have been looking upon this houſe, and think it is the prettieſt habitation I ever ſaw in my life.

LADY.

Ay, but then this cruel Drum!

TINSEL.

Something ſo venerable in it!

LADY.

Ay, but the Drum!

TINSEL.

For my part, I like this *Gothic* way of building better than any of your new orders — it would be a thouſand pities it ſhou'd fall to ruin.

LADY.

Ay, but the Drum!

TINSEL.

How pleaſantly we two could paſs our time in this delicious ſituation. Our lives wou'd be a contínu'd dream of Happineſs. Come, faith, Widow, let's go upon the leads, and take a view of the country.

LADY.

Ay, but the Drum! the Drum!

TINSEL.

My dear, take my word for't 'tis all fancy: beſides ſhou'd he drum in thy very bed-chamber, I ſhou'd only hug thee the cloſer.

Claſp'd in the folds of love, I'd meet my doom,
And act my joys tho' thunder ſhook the room.

ACT

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ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *opens, and discovers* Vellum *in his Office, and a Letter in his hand.*

VELLUM.

THIS Letter astonisheth; may I believe my own eyes — or rather my spectacles — *To* Humphrey Vellum, *Esq; Steward to the Lady* Truman.

Vellum,

I Doubt not but you will be glad to hear your master is alive, and designs to be with you in half an hour. The report of my being slain in the Netherlands, *has, I find, produced some disorders in my family. I am now at the* George-Inn; *if an old man with a gray beard in a black cloke, enquires after you, give him admittance. He passes for a Conjurer, but is really*

Your faithful Friend,

G. Truman.

P. S. *Let this be a secret, and you shall find your account in it.*

This amazeth me! and yet the reasons why I should believe he is still living are manifold — First, because this has often been the case of other military adventurers.

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Secondly, becauſe the news of his death was firſt publiſh'd in *Dyer's Letter.*

Thirdly, becauſe this letter can be written by none but himſelf—I know his hand, and manner of ſpelling.

Fourthly, ——

Enter BUTLER.

BUTLER.

Sir, here's a ſtrange old Gentleman that aſks for you; he ſays he's a Coujurer, but he looks very ſuſpicious; I wiſh he ben't a Jeſuit.

VELLUM.

Admit him immediately.

BUTLER.

I wiſh he ben't a Jeſuit; but he ſays he's nothing but a Conjurer.

VELLUM.

He ſays right —— he is no more than a Conjurer. Bring him in and withdraw. [*Exit* Butler.

And Fourthly, as I was ſaying, becauſe ——

Enter BUTLER *with Sir* GEORGE.

BUTLER.

Sir, here is the Conjurer — what a deviliſh long beard he has! I warrant it has been growing theſe hundred years. [*Aſide Exit.*

Sir GEORGE.

Dear *Vellum*, you have receiv'd my Letter; but before we proceed lock the door.

VELLUM.

It is his voice. [*Shuts the door.*

Sir GEORGE.

In the next place help me off with this cumberſome Cloke.

VEL-

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VELLUM.

It is his shape.

Sir GEORGE.

So, now lay my beard upon the table.

VELLUM.

[*After having look'd on Sir George thro' his spectacles.*] It is his face, every lineament!

Sir GEORGE.

Well, now I have put off the conjurer and the old man, I can talk to thee more at my ease.

VELLUM.

Believe me, my good master, I am as much rejoiced to see you alive, as I was upon the day you were born. Your name was in all the news-papers, in the list of those that were slain.

Sir GEORGE.

We have not time to be particular. I shall only tell thee in general, that I was taken prisoner in the battle, and was under close confinement for several months. Upon my release, I was resolv'd to surprise my wife with the news of my being alive. I know, *Vellum*, you are a person of so much penetration, that I need not use any further arguments to convince you that I am so.

VELLUM.

I am — and moreover, I question not but your good Lady will likewise be convinced of it. Her Ho--nour is a discerning Lady.

Sir GEORGE.

I'm only afraid she shou'd be convinc'd of it to her sorrow. Is not she pleas'd with her imaginary Widowhood? Tell me truly, was she afflicted at the report of my death?

VELLUM.

Sorely.

Sir GEORGE.

How long did her grief last?

VELLUM.

Longer than I have known any Widows — at leaſt three days.

Sir GEORGE.

Three days, ſay'ſt thou? three whole days? I'm afraid thou flattereſt me! — O woman! woman!

VELLUM.

Grief is twofold.

Sir GEORGE.

This blockhead is as methodical as ever —— but I know he's honeſt. [*Aſide.*

VELLUM.

There is a real grief, and there is a methodical grief; ſhe was drown'd in tears till ſuch time as the Tailor had made her Widow's weeds —— indeed they became her.

Sir GEORGE.

Became her! and was that her comfort? truly a moſt ſeaſonable conſolation!

VELLUM.

But I muſt needs ſay ſhe paid a due regard to your memory, and could not forbear weeping when ſhe ſaw company.

Sir GEORGE.

That was kind indeed! I find ſhe griev'd with a deal of good-breeding. But how comes this gang of lovers about her?

VELLUM.

Her jointure is conſiderable.

Sir GEORGE.

How this fool torments me! [*Aſide.*

VELLUM.

Her perſon is amiable ——

Sir GEORGE.

Death! [*Aſide.*

VELLUM.

But her character is unblemiſh'd. She has been as virtuous in your abſence as a *Penelope*.— *Sir*

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Sir GEORGE.

And has had as many ſuitors.

VELLUM.

Several have made their overtures.

Sir GEORGE.

Several!

VELLUM.

But ſhe has rejected all.

Sir GEORGE.

There thou reviv'ſt me — but what means this *Tinſel*? Are his viſits acceptable?

VELLUM.

He is young.

Sir GEORGE.

Does ſhe liſten to him?

VELLUM.

He is gay.

Sir GEORGE.

Sure ſhe could never entertain a thought of marrying ſuch a coxcomb!

VELLUM.

He is not ill made.

Sir GEORGE.

Are the vows and proteſtations that paſt between us come to this! I can't bear the thought of it! is *Tinſel* the man deſign'd for my worthy ſucceſſor?

VELLUM.

You do not conſider that you have been dead theſe fourteen months —

Sir GEORGE.

Was there ever ſuch a dog? [*Aſide.*

VELLUM.

And I have often heard her ſay, that ſhe muſt never expect to find a ſecond Sir *George Truman* — meaning your Ho--nour.

Sir GEORGE.

I think she lov'd me; but I must search into this story of the *Drummer* before I discover myself to her. I have put on this habit of a Conjurer, in order to introduce myself. It must be your business to recommend me as a most profound person, that by my great knowledge in the curious arts can silence the *Drummer*, and dispossess the house.

VELLUM.

I am going to lay my accounts before my Lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her Ho--nour to admit the trial of your art.

Sir GEORGE.

I have scarce heard of any of these stories that did not arise from a love-intrigue — Amours raise as many ghosts as murders.

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal* endeavours to persuade us, that 'tis your Ho--nour who troubles the house.

Sir GEORGE.

That convinces me 'tis a cheat, for I think, *Vellum*, I may be pretty well assur'd it is not me.

VELLUM.

I am apt to think so truly. Ha--ha--ha.

Sir GEORGE.

Abigal had always an ascendent over her Lady, and if there is a trick in this matter, depend upon it she is at the bottom of it. I'll be hang'd if this ghost be not one of *Abigal*'s familiars.

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal* has of late been very mysterious.

Sir GEORGE.

I fancy, *Vellum*, thou coud'st worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an amour between you.

VEL-

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal* hath her allurements, and she knows I have pick'd up a competency in your Ho--nour's service.

Sir GEORGE.

If thou hast, all I ask of thee in return is, that thou would'st immediately renew thy addresses to her. Coax her up. Thou hast such a silver tongue, *Vellum*, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides, she is so very a woman, that she'll like thee the better for giving her the pleasure of telling a secret. In short, wheedle her out of it, and I shall act by the advice which thou giv'st me.

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal* was never deaf to me, when I talk'd upon that subject. I will take an opportunity of addressing myself to her in the most pathetic manner.

Sir GEORGE.

In the mean time lock me up in your office, and bring me word what success you have—Well, sure I am the first that ever was employ'd to lay himself.

VELLUM.

You act indeed a threefold part in this house; you are a Ghost, a Conjurer, and my ho--noured Master Sir *George Truman*; he, he, he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

Sir GEORGE.

O, Mr. *Vellum*, with all my heart. You know I love you Men of wit and humour. Be as merry as thou pleas'st, so thou dost thy business. [*Mimicking him.*] You will remember, *Vellum*, your commission is twofold, first to gain admission for me to your Lady, and secondly to get the Secret out of *Abigal*.

VELLUM.

It sufficeth. [*The Scene shuts.*

Enter

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Enter LADY *ſola.*

LADY.

Women who have been happy in a firſt marriage, are the moſt apt to venture upon a ſecond. But for my party I had a Huſband ſo every way ſuited to my Inclinations, that I muſt entirely forget him, before I can like another Man. I have now been a widow but fourteen months, and have had twice as many lovers, all of 'em profeſt admirers of my perſon, but paſſionately in love with my jointure. I think it is a revenge I owe my ſex to make an example of this worthleſs tribe of fellows, who grow impudent, dreſs themſelves fine, and fancy we are obliged to provide for 'em. But of all my captives, Mr. *Tinſel* is the moſt extraordinary in his kind. I hope the diverſion I give myſelf with him is unblameable. I'm ſure 'tis neceſſary to turn my thoughts off from the memory of that dear Man, who has been the greateſt happineſs and affliction of my life. My heart would be a prey to melancholy, if I did not find theſe innocent methods of relieving it. But here comes *Abigal.* I muſt teaze the baggage, for I find ſhe has taken it into her head that I am entirely at her diſpoſal.

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIGAL.

Madam! Madam! yonder's Mr. *Tinſel* has as good as taken poſſeſſion of your houſe. Marry, he ſays, he muſt have Sir *George*'s apartment enlarg'd; for truly, ſays he, I hate to be ſtraiten'd. Nay, he was ſo impudent as to ſhew me the chamber where he intends to conſummate, as he calls it.

LADY.

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LADY.

Well! he's a wild fellow.

ABIGAL.

Indeed he's a very bad man, Madam.

LADY.

He's young, *Abigal*; 'tis a thousand pities he should be lost; I should be mighty glad to reform him.

ABIGAL.

Reform him! marry hang him!

LADY.

Has not he a great deal of life?

ABIGAL.

Ay, enough to make your heart ake.

LADY.

I dare say thou think'st him a very agreeable fellow.

ABIGAL.

He thinks himself so, I'll answer for him.

LADY.

He's very good-natur'd!

ABIGAL.

He ought to be so, for he's very silly.

LADY.

Dost thou think he loves me?

ABIGAL.

Mr. *Fantome* did, I am sure.

LADY.

With what raptures he talk'd!

ABIGAL.

Yes, but 'twas in praise of your jointure-house.

LADY.

He has kept bad Company.

ABIGAL.

They must be very bad indeed, if they were worse than himself.

LADY.

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LADY.

I have a ſtrong fancy a good woman might reform him.

ABIGAL.

It would be a fine expetiment, if it ſhould not ſucceed.

LADY.

Well, *Abigal*, we'll talk of that another time; here comes the Steward, I have no further occaſion for you at preſent. [*Exit* Abigal.

Enter VELLUM.

VELLUM.

Madam, is your Ho--nour at leiſure to look into the accounts of the laſt week? They riſe very high—houſekeeping is chargeable in a houſe that is haunted.

LADY.

How comes that to paſs? I hope the drum neither eats nor drinks? But read your account, *Vellum*.

VELLUM.

[*putting on and off his ſpectacles in this Scene*] A hogſhead and a half of ale — it is not for the ghoſt's drinking — But your Ho- nour's ſervants ſay they muſt have ſomething to keep up their courage againſt this ſtrange noiſe. They tell me they expect a double quantity of malt in their ſmall-bear, ſo long as the houſe continues in this condition.

LADY.

At this rate they'll take care to be frighten'd all the year round, I'll anſwer for 'em. But go on.

VELLUM.

Item, Two ſheep, and a — Where is the ox? — Oh, here I have him — and an ox — your Honour muſt always have a piece of cold beef in the houſe for the entertainment of ſo many ſtrangers, who come from all

all parts to hear this Drum. *Item*, Bread, ten peck-loaves — They cannot eat beef without bread — *Item*, three barrels of table-beer — They muſt drink with their meat.

LADY.

Sure no Woman in *England* has a ſteward that makes ſuch ingenious comments on his works. [*Aſide.*

VELLUM.

Item, to Mr. *Tinſel*'s ſervants five bottles of port wine — it was by your Ho--nour's order — *Item*, three bottles of ſack for the uſe of Mrs. *Abigal*.

LADY.

I ſuppoſe that was by your own order.

VELLUM.

We have been long friends, we are your Ho--nour's ancient ſervants; ſack is an innocent cordial, and gives her ſpirit to chide the ſervants, when they are tardy in their buſ'neſs; he, he, he, pardon me for being jocular.

LADY.

Well, I ſee you'll come together at laſt.

VELLUM.

Item, a dozen pound of watch-lights for the uſe of the ſervants.

LADY.

For the uſe of the ſervants! What, are the rogues afraid of ſleeping in the dark? What an unfortunate Woman am I! This is ſuch a particular diſtreſs, it puts me to my wits end. *Vellum*, What wou'd you adviſe me to do?

VELLUM.

Madam, your Ho--nour has two points to conſider. *Imprimis*, To retrench theſe extravagant expences, which ſo many ſtrangers bring upon you — *Secondly*, To clear the houſe of this inviſible Drummer.

LADY.

LADY.

This learned diviſion leaves me juſt as wiſe as I was. But how muſt we bring theſe two points to bear?

VELLUM.

I beſeech your Ho--nour to give me the hearing.

LADY.

I do. But pr'ythee take pity on me, and be not tedious.

VELLUM.

I will be conciſe. There is a certain perſon arriv'd this morning, an aged man of a venerable aſpect, and of a long hoary beard, that reacheth down to his girdle. The common people call him a wizard, a white witch, a conjurer, a cunning man, a necromancer, a ———

LADY.

No matter for his titles. But what of all this?

VELLUM.

Give me the hearing, good my Lady. He pretends to great ſkill in the occult ſciences, and is come hither upon the rumour of this *Drum*. If one may believe him, he knows the ſecret of laying ghoſts, or of quieting houſes that are haunted.

LADY.

Pho, theſe are idle ſtories to amuſe the country people, this can do us no good.

VELLUM.

It can do us no harm, my Lady.

LADY.

I dare ſay thou doſt not believe there is any thing in it thyſelf.

VELLUM.

I cannot ſay, I do; there is no danger however in the experiment. Let him try his ſkill; if it ſhou'd ſucceed, we are rid of the Drum; if it ſhou'd not, we may tell the world that it has, and by that means at leaſt get out of this expenſive way of living; ſo

o that it muſt turn to your advantage one way or nother.

LADY.

I think you argue very rightly. But where is the Man? I wou'd fain ſee him. He muſt be a curioſity.

VELLUM.

I have already diſcours'd him, and he is to be with me, in my office, half an hour hence. He aſks nothing for his pains, till he has done his work; — no cure, no money.

LADY.

That circumſtance, I muſt confeſs, wou'd make one believe there is more in his art than one wou'd imagine. Pray *Vellum* go and fetch him hither immediately.

VELLUM.

I am gone. He ſhall be forth-coming forthwith.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter BUTLER, COACHMAN, *and* GARDINER.

BUTLER.

Rare news, my lads, rare news!

GARDINER.

What's the matter? haſt thou got any more vales for us?

BUTLER.

No, 'tis better than that.

COACHMAN.

Is there another ſtranger come to the houſe?

BUTLER.

Ay, ſuch a ſtranger as will make all our lives eaſy.

GARDINER.

What! is he a Lord?

BUTLER.

A Lord! no, nothing like it,—He's a Conjurer.

COACH.

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COACHMAN.

A Conjurer! what, is he come a wooing to my Lady?

BUTLER.

No, no, you fool, he's come on purpose to lay the Spirit.

COACHMAN.

Ay marry, that's good news indeed; but where is he?

BUTLER.

He's lock'd up with the Steward in his office, they are laying their heads together very close. I fancy they are casting a figure.

GARDINER.

Pr'ythee *John* what sort of a creature is a Conjurer?

BUTLER.

Why he's made much as other men are, if it was not for his long gray beard.

COACHMAN.

Look ye, *Peter*, it stands with reason, that a Conjurer shou'd have a long gray beard —— for did ye ever know a Witch that was not an old woman?

GARDINER.

Why! I remember a Conjurer once at a fair, that to my thinking was a very smock-fac'd man, and yet shew'd out fifty yards of green ferret. I fancy, *John*, if thou'dst get him into the pantry and give him a cup of ale, he'd shew us a few tricks. Dost think we cou'd not persuade him to swallow one of thy case-knives for his diversion? he'll certainly bring it up again.

BUTLER.

Peter, thou art such a wiseacre! thou dost not know the difference between a Conjurer and a Jugler. This man must be a very great master of his trade. His beard is at least half a yard long, he's dress'd in a strange dark cloke, as black as a coal. Your Conjurer always goes in mourning.

GAR.

GARDINER.

Is he a gentleman? had he a sword by his side?

BUTLER.

No, no, he's too grave a man for that, a Conjurer is as grave as a judge —— but he had a long white wand in his hand.

COACHMAN.

You may be sure there's a good deal of virtue in that wand—I fancy 'tis made out of witch-elm.

GARDINER.

I warrant you if the Ghost appears, he'll whisk ye that wand before his eyes, and strike you the dramatic out of his hand.

BUTLER.

No; the wand, look ye, is to make a circle, and if he once gets the Ghost in a circle, then he has him — let him get out again if he can. A circle, you must know, is a Conjurer's trap.

COACHMAN.

But what will he do with him when he has him there?

BUTLER.

Why then he'll overpower him with his learning.

GARDINER.

If he can once compass him, and get him in lobs-pound, he'll make nothing of him, but speak a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour for a thousand years.

COACHMAN.

Ay, ay, he'll send him packing to his grave again with a flea in his ear, I warrant him.

BUTLER.

No, no, I would advise Madam to spare no cost. If the Conjurer be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the Ghost, and lay him, look ye, in the red-sea — and then he's laid for ever.

COACH-

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COACHMAN.

Ay, marry, that would ſpoil his Drum for him.

GARDINER.

Why *John*, there muſt be a power of ſpirits in that ſame red-ſea—I warrant ye they are as plenty as fiſh.

COACHMAN.

Well, I wiſh after all that he may not be too hard for the Conjurer; I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of work on't.

GARDINER.

I wiſh the ſpirit may not carry a corner of the houſe off with him.

BUTLER.

As for that, *Peter*, you may be ſure that the Steward has made his bargain with the cunning-man beforehand, that he ſhall ſtand to all coſts and damages — but hark! yonder's Mrs. *Abigal*, we ſhall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

GARDINER.

Ay lads! if we could get Mrs. *Abigal* well laid too — we ſhould lead merry lives.

For to a man like me that's ſtout and bold,
A Ghoſt is not ſo dreadful as a Scold.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *opens, and discovers Sir* George *in* Vellum's *Office.*

Sir GEORGE.

I Wonder I don't hear of *Vellum* yet. But I know his wisdom will do nothing rashly. The fellow has been so us'd to form in business, that it has infected his whole conversation. But I must not find fault with that punctual and exact behaviour, which has been of so much use to me; my estate is the better for it.

Enter VELLUM.

Well *Vellum*, I am impatient to hear your success.

VELLUM.

First, let me lock the door.

Sir GEORGE.

Will your Lady admit me?

VELLUM.

If this lock is not mended soon, it will be quite spoiled.

Sir GEORGE.

Pr'ythee let the lock alone at present, and answer me.

VELLUM.

Delays in business are dangerous — I must send for the smith next week — and in the mean time will take a minute of it.

Sir GEORGE.

What says your Lady?

VEL-

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VELLUM.

This Pen is naught, and wants mending ——— My Lady, did you say?

Sir GEORGE.

Does she admit me?

VELLUM.

I have gain'd admission for you as a Conjurer.

Sir GEORGE.

That's enough! I'll gain admission for myself as a Husband. Does she believe there is any thing in my art?

VELLUM.

It is hard to know what a woman believes.

Sir GEORGE.

Did she ask no questions about me?

VELLUM.

Sundry — she desires to talk with you herself, before you enter upon your business.

Sir GEORGE.

But when?

VELLUM.

Immediately. This instant.

Sir GEORGE.

Pugh. What hast thou been doing all this while! Why didst not tell me so? Give me my cloke — have you yet met with *Abigal*?

VELLUM.

I have not yet had an opportunity of talking with her. But we have interchanged some languishing glances.

Sir GEORGE.

Let thee alone for that, *Vellum*, I have formerly seen thee ogle her through thy spectacles. Well! this is a most venerable cloke. After the business of this day is over, I'll make thee a present of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

VELLUM.

He, he, he! wou'd you make a Conjurer of your Steward?

Sir

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Sir GEORGE.

Pr'ythee don't be jocular, I'm in haste. Help me on with my beard.

VELLUM.

And what will your Ho--nour do with your caſt beard?

Sir. GEORGE.

Why, faith, thy gravity wants only ſuch a beard to it; if thou would'ſt wear it with the cloke, thou would'ſt make a moſt compleat heathen philoſopher. But where's my wand?

VELLUM.

A fine taper ſtick! it is well choſen. I will keep this till you are ſheriff of the county. It is not my cuſtom to let any thing be loſt.

Sir GEORGE.

Come, *Vellum*, lead the way. You muſt introduce me to your Lady. Thou'rt the fitteſt fellow in the world to be a Maſter of the ceremonies to a Conjurer. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ABIGAL *croſſing the ſtage*, TINSEL *following.*

TINSEL.

Naby, Naby, whither ſo faſt child?

ABIGAL.

Keep your hands to yourſelf. I'm going to call the Steward to my Lady.

TINSEL.

What? Goodman *Twofold?* I met him walking with a ſtrange old fellow yonder. I ſuppoſe he belongs to the family too. He looks very antique. He muſt be ſome of the furniture of this old manſion-houſe.

ABIGAL.

What does the man mean? Don't think to palm me as you do my Lady.

TIN-

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TINSEL.

Pr'ythee, *Nab*, tell me one thing; what's the reaſon thou art my enemy?

ABIGAL.

Marry, becauſe I'm a friend to my Lady.

TINSEL.

Doſt thou ſee any thing about me thou doſt not like?
Come hither, huſſy, give me a kiſs: don't be ill-natured.

ABIGAL.

Sir, I know how to be civil. [*Kiſſes her.*] —— this rogue will carry off my Lady, if I don't take care.

Aſide.

TINSEL.

Thy lips are as ſoft as velvet, *Abigal*, I muſt get thee a huſband.

ABIGAL.

Ay, now you don't ſpeak idly, I can talk to you.

TINSEL.

I have one in my Eye for thee. Doſt thou love a young luſty ſon of a whore?

ABIGAL.

Laud, how you talk!

TINSEL.

This is a thundering dog.

ABIGAL.

What is he?

TINSEL.

A private Gentleman.

ABIGAL.

Ay! where does he live?

TINSEL.

In the horſe-guards — But he has one fault I muſt tell thee of. If thou canſt bear with that, he's a man for thy purpoſe.

ABIGAL.

Pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, what may that be?

TIN-

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TINSEL.

He's but five and twenty years old.

ABIGAL.

'Tis no matter for his age, if he has been well educated.

TINSEL.

No man better, child; he'll tie a wig, toſs a dye, make a paſs, and ſwear with ſuch a grace, as wou'd make thy heart leap to hear him.

ABIGAL.

Half theſe accompliſhments will do, provided he has an eſtate—Pray what has he?

TINSEL.

Not a farthing.

ABIGAL.

Pax on him, what do I give him the hearing for! [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

But as for that I wou'd make it up to him.

ABIGAL.

How?

TINSEL.

Why, look ye, child, as ſoon as I have married thy Lady, I deſign to diſcard this old prig of a ſteward, and to put this honeſt gentleman, I am ſpeaking of, into his place.

ABIGAL.

This fellow's a fool — I'll have no more to ſay to him. — [*Aſide.*] — Hark! my Lady's a coming!

TINSEL.

Depend upon it, *Nab*, I'll remember my promiſe.

ABIGAL.

Ay, and ſo will I too — to your coſt. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Abigal.

TINSEL.

My Dear is purely fitted up with a maid—but I ſhall rid the houſe of her.

Enter LADY.

LADY.

Oh, Mr. *Tinsel*, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an entertainment, that won't be disagreeable to a man of wit and pleasure of the town — There may be something diverting in a converſation between a Conjurer and this conceited aſs. [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

She loves me to diſtraction, I ſee that. [*Aſide.*] — Pr'ythee, widow, explain thyſelf.

LADY.

You muſt know here is a ſtrange ſort of a Man come to town, who undertakes to free the houſe from this diſturbance. The ſteward believes him a Conjurer.

TINSEL.

Ay; thy ſteward is a deep one!

LADY.

He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd figure of a man.

TINSEL.

Oh! I warrant you he has ſtudied the black art! Ha, ha, ha! Is he not an *Oxford* ſcholar? — Widow, thy houſe is the moſt extraordinarily inhabited of any widow's this day in chriſtendom — I think thy four chief domeſtics are — a wither'd *Abigal* — a ſuperannuated ſteward — a Ghoſt — and a Conjurer.

LADY. [*mimicking* Tinſel.]

And you wou'd have it inhabited by a fifth, who is a more extraordinary Perſon than any of all theſe four.

TINSEL.

It's a ſure ſign a woman loves you, when ſhe imitates your manner. [*Aſide.*] — Thou'rt very ſmart, my dear. But ſee! ſmoke the Doctor.

Enter

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Enter VELLUM, *and Sir* GEORGE *in his Conjurer's habit.*

VELLUM.

I will introduce this profound person to your Ladyship, and then leave him with you — Sir, this is her Ho-nour.

Sir GEORGE.

I know it well. [*Exit* Vellum.

[*Aside, walking in a musing Posture*] That dear Woman! the sight of her unmans me. I cou'd weep for tenderness, did not I, at the same time, feel an indignation rise in me, to see that wretch with her: And yet I cannot but smile to see her in the company of her first and second husband at the same time.

LADY.

Mr. *Tinsel*, do you speak to him; you are us'd to the company of men of learning.

TINSEL.

Old Gentleman, thou dost not look like an inhabitant of this world; I suppose thou art lately come down from the stars. Pray what news is stirring in the *Zodiac?*

Sir GEORGE.

News that ought to make the heart of a coward tremble. *Mars* is now entering into the first house, and will shortly appear in all his domal dignities. —

TINSEL.

Mars? Pr'ythee, father gray-beard, explain thyself.

Sir GEORGE.

The entrance of *Mars* into his house, portends the entrance of a master into this family — and that soon.

TINSEL.

D'ye hear that, Widow? The stars have cut me out for thy husband. This house is to have a master, and that soon — Hark thee, old *Gadbury*, is not *Mars* very like a young fellow call'd *Tom Tinsel?*

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Sir GEORGE.

Not ſo much as *Venus* is like this Lady.

TINSEL.

A word in your ear, Doctor; theſe two planets will be in conjunction by and by; I can tell you that.

Sir GEORGE. [*aſide, walking diſturb'd.*]

Curſe on this impertinent fop! I ſhall ſcarce forbear diſcovering myſelf—Madam, I am told that your houſe is viſited with ſtrange noiſes.

LADY.

And I am told that you can quiet them. I muſt confeſs I had a curioſity to ſee the perſon I had heard ſo much of; and, indeed, your aſpect ſhows that you have had much experience in the world. You muſt be a very aged Man.

Sir GEORGE.

My aſpect deceives you; what do you think is my real age?

TINSEL.

I ſhou'd gueſs thee within three years of *Methuſelah*. Pr'ythee tell me, waſt not thou born before the Flood?

LADY.

Truly I ſhou'd gueſs you to be in your ſecond or third century. I warrant you, you have great grandchildren with beards of a foot long.

Sir GEORGE.

Ha, ha, ha! If there be truth in Man, I was but five and thirty laſt *Auguſt*. O! the ſtudy of the occult Sciences makes a Man's beard grow faſter than you wou'd imagine.

LADY.

What an eſcape you have had, Mr. *Tinſel*, that you were not bred a Scholar!

TINSEL.

And ſo I fancy, Doctor, thou think'ſt me an illiterate fellow, becauſe I have a ſmooth chin?

Sir

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Sir GEORGE.

Hark ye, Sir, a word in your ear. You are a Coxcomb by all the rules of Physiognomy: but let that be a secret between you and me. [*Aside to* Tinsel.

LADY.

Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, what is it the Doctor whispers?

TINSEL.

Only a compliment, child, upon two or three of my features. It does not become me to repeat it.

LADY.

Pray, Doctor, examine this Gentleman's face, and tell me his fortune.

Sir GEORGE.

If I may believe the lines of his face, he likes it better than I do, or — than you do, fair Lady.

TINSEL.

Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinc'd he's a cheat.

LADY.

For my part I believe he's a witch—go on, Doctor.

Sir GEORGE.

He will be cross'd in love; and that soon.

TINSEL.

Pr'ythee, Doctor, tell us the truth. Dost not thou live in *Moor-Fields?*

Sir GEORGE.

Take my word for it, thou shalt never live in my Lady *Truman*'s mansion-house.

TINSEL.

Pray, old Gentleman, hast thou never been pluck'd by the beard when thou wert saucy?

LADY.

Nay, Mr. *Tinsel*, you are angry! do you think I wou'd marry a man that dares not have his fortune told?

Sir GEORGE.

Let him be angry — I matter not — he is but short-liv'd. He will soon die of —

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TINSEL.

Come, come, ſpeak out, old *Hocus*, he, he, he! this fellow makes me burſt with laughing. [*Forces a laugh.*

Sir GEORGE.

He will ſoon die of a fright — or of the — let me ſee your noſe — ay — 'tis ſo!

TINSEL.

You ſon of a whore! I'll run ye through the body, I never yet made the ſun ſhine thro' a Conjurer —

LADY.

Oh, fy, Mr. *Tinſel!* you will not kill an old man?

TINSEL.

An old man! the dog ſays he's but five and thirty.

LADY.

Oh, fy, Mr. *Tinſel*, I did not think you could have been ſo paſſionate; I hate a paſſionate man. Put up your ſword, or I muſt never ſee you again.

TINSEL.

Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jeſt, my dear. I had a mind to have made an experiment upon the Doctor's body. I wou'd but have drill'd a little eyelet hole in it, and have ſeen whether he had art enough to cloſe it up again.

Sir GEORGE.

Courage is but ill ſhown before a Lady. But know if ever I meet thee again, thou ſhalt find this arm can wield other weapons beſides this wand.

TINSEL.

Ha, ha, ha!

LADY.

Well, learned Sir, you are to give a proof of your art, not of your courage. Or if you will ſhow your courage, let it be at nine o'clock — for that is the time the noiſe is generally heard.

TINSEL.

And look ye, old Gentleman, if thou doſt not do thy buſineſs

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buſineſs well, I can tell thee by the little ſkill I have, that thou wilt be toſs'd in a blanket before ten. We'll do our endeavour to ſend thee back to the ſtars again.

Sir GEORGE.

I'll go and prepare myſelf for the ceremonies —— and Lady, as you expect they ſhou'd ſucceed to your wiſhes, treat that fellow with the contempt he deſerves.

[*Exit Sir* George.

TINSEL.

The ſaucieſt dog I ever talk'd with in my whole Life!

LADY.

Methinks he's a diverting fellow; one may ſee he's no fool.

TINSEL.

No fool! ay, but thou doſt not take him for a Conjurer.

LADY.

Truly I don't know what to take him for; I am reſolv'd to employ him however. When a ſickneſs is deſperate, we often try remedies that we have no great faith in.

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIGAL.

Madam, the tea is ready in the parlour, as you order'd.

LADY.

Come, Mr. *Tinſel*, we may there talk of this ſubject more at leiſure. [*Exeunt* Lady *and* Tinſel.

ABIGAL ſola.

Sure never any Lady had ſuch Servants as mine has! well, if I get this thouſand pound, I hope to have ſome of my own. Let me ſee, I'll have a pretty tight Girl—juſt ſuch as I was ten years ago (I'm afraid I may ſay twenty) ſhe ſhall dreſs me and flatter me—for I will be

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flatter'd, that's pos! my Lady's caft ſuits will ſerve her, after I have given them the wearing. Beſides, when I am worth a thouſand pound, I ſhall certainly carry off the Steward—Madam *Vellum!* — how prettily that will ſound! Here, bring out Madam *Vellum*'s Chaiſe — nay, I do not know but it may be a Chariot. — It will break the Attorney's Wife's heart — for I ſhall take place of every body in the Pariſh but my Lady. If I have a Son, he ſhall be call'd *Fantome*. But ſee Mr. *Vellum*, as I could wiſh. I know his humour, and will do my utmoſt to gain his heart.

Enter VELLUM *with a Pint of Sack.*

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal*, don't I break in upon you unſeaſonably?

ABIGAL.

Oh, no, Mr. *Vellum*, your viſits are always ſeaſonable.

VELLUM.

I have brought with me a taſte of freſh Canary, which I think is delicious.

ABIGAL.

Pray ſet it down — I have a dram-glaſs juſt by — [*Brings in a Rummer.*

I'll pledge you; my Lady's good health.

VELLUM.

And your own with it — ſweet Mrs. *Abigal.*

ABIGAL.

Pray, good Mr. *Vellum*, buy me a little parcel of this Sack, and put it under the article of Tea—I would not have my name appear to it.

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal*, your name ſeldom appears in my Bills—and yet — if you will allow me a merry expreſſion — you have been always in my books, Mrs. *Abigal.* Ha, ha, ha!

ABI-

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ABIGAL.

Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Vellum*, you are such a dry jesting Man!

VELLUM.

Why truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I have been looking over my papers — and I find you have been a long time my Debtor.

ABIGAL.

Your Debtor, for what, Mr. *Vellum?*

VELLUM.

For my heart, Mrs. *Abigal* — and our accounts will not be balanc'd between us, till I have yours in exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL.

Ha, ha, ha! you are the most gallant dun, Mr. *Vellum.*

VELLUM.

But I am not us'd to be paid by words only, Mrs. *Abigal*; when will you be out of my Debt?

ABIGAL.

Oh, Mr. *Vellum*, you make one blush — my humble service to you.

VELLUM.

I must answer you, Mrs. *Abigal*, in the country phrase — *Your love is sufficient.* Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL.

Ha, ha, ha! Well, I must own I love a merry Man!

VELLUM.

Let me see, how long is it, Mrs. *Abigal*, since I first broke my mind to you — It was, I think, *Undecimo Gulielmi*, —— we have convers'd together these fifteen years — and yet, Mrs. *Abigal*, I must drink to our better acquaintance. He, he, he — Mrs. *Abigal*, you know I am naturally jocose.

ABIGAL.

Ah, you Men love to make sport with us silly creatures.

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VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal*, I have a trifle about me, which I wou'd willingly make you a preſent of. It is indeed but a little toy.

ABIGAL.

You are always exceedingly obliging.

VELLUM.

It is but a little toy — ſcarce worth your acceptance.

ABIGAL.

Pray do not keep me in ſuſpence; what is it, Mr. *Vellum?*

VELLUM.

A ſilver thimble.

ABIGAL.

I always ſaid Mr. *Vellum* was a generous lover.

VELLUM.

But I muſt put it on myſelf, Mrs. *Abigal* — you have the prettieſt tip of a finger — I muſt take the freedom to ſalute it.

ABIGAL.

Oh fy! you make me aſham'd, Mr. *Vellum*; how can you do ſo? I proteſt I am in ſuch a confuſion —

[*A feign'd ſtruggle.*

VELLUM.

This finger is not the finger of idleneſs; it bears the honourable ſcars of the needle — but why are you ſo cruel as not to pare your nails?

ABIGAL.

Oh, I vow you preſs it ſo hard! pray give me my finger again.

VELLUM.

This middle finger, Mrs. *Abigal*, has a pretty neighbour — a wedding-ring would become it mightily — He, he, he!

ABIGAL.

You're ſo full of your Jokes. Ay, but where muſt I find one for it?

VEL-

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VELLUM.

I design this thimble only as the forerunner of it, they will set off each other, and are — indeed a two-fold emblem. The first will put you in mind of being a good huswife, and the other of being a good wife. Ha, ha, ha!

ABIGAL.

Yes, yes, I see you laugh at me.

VELLUM.

Indeed I am serious.

ABIGAL.

I thought you had quite forsaken me —— I am sure you cannot forget the many repeated vows and promises you formerly made me.

VELLUM.

I shou'd as soon forget the multiplication table.

ABIGAL.

I have always taken your part before my Lady.

VELLUM.

You have so, and I have *Item'd* it in my memory.

ABIGAL.

For I have always look'd upon your interests as my own.

VELLUM.

It is nothing but your cruelty can hinder them from being so.

ABIGAL.

I must strike while the iron's hot. [*Aside.*] — Well, Mr. *Vellum*, there is no refusing you, you have such a bewitching tongue!

VELLUM.

How? speak that again!

ABIGAL.

Why then in plain *English* I love you.

VELLUM.

I'm overjoy'd!

VEL-

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ABIGAL.

I muſt own my paſſion for you.

VELLUM.

I'm tranſported. [*Catches her in his arms.*

ABIGAL.

Dear charming man!

VELLUM.

Thou ſum total of all my happineſs! I ſhall grow extravagant! I can't forbear! — to drink thy virtuous inclinations in a bumper of Sack. Your Lady muſt make haſte, my Duck, or we ſhall provide a young ſteward to the Eſtate, before ſhe has an heir to it — Pr'ythee my dear, does ſhe intend to marry Mr. *Tinſel?*

ABIGAL.

Marry him! my Love, no, no! we muſt take care of that! there would be no ſtaying in the houſe for us if ſhe did. That young Rake-hell wou'd ſend all the old ſervants a grazing. You and I ſhould be diſcarded before the honey-moon was at an end.

VELLUM.

Pr'ythee, ſweet one, does not this Drum put the thoughts of marriage out of her head?

ABIGAL.

This Drum, my dear, if it be well manag'd, will be no leſs than a thouſand pound in our way.

VELLUM.

Ay, ſay'ſt thou ſo, my Turtle?

ABIGAL.

Since we are now as good as Man and Wife—I mean, almoſt as good as Man and Wife — I ought to conceal nothing from you.

VELLUM.

Certainly my Dove, not from thy yoke-fellow, thy help-mate, thy own fleſh and blood!

ABIGAL.

Huſh! I hear Mr. *Tinſel*'s laugh, my Lady and he are a coming

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coming this way; if you will take a turn without, I'll tell you the whole contrivance.

VELLUM.

Give me your hand, Chicken.

ABIGAL.

Here take it, you have my heart already.

VELLUM.

We shall have much issue. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter VELLUM *and* BUTLER.

VELLUM.

JOHN, I have certain orders to give you —— and therefore be attentive.

BUTLER.

Attentive! ay, let me alone for that. — I ſuppoſe he means being ſober. [*Aſide.*

VELLUM.

You know I have always recommended to you a method in your buſineſs; I wou'd have your knives and forks, your ſpoons and napkins, your plate and glaſſes, laid in a method.

BUTLER.

Ah, Mr. *Vellum*, you are ſuch a ſweet-ſpoken man, it does one's heart good to receive your orders.

VELLUM.

Method, *John*, makes buſineſs eaſy, it baniſhes all perplexity and confuſion out of families.

BUTLER.

How he talks! I cou'd hear him all day.

VELLUM.

And now, *John*, let me know whether your table-linen, your ſide-board, your cellar, and every thing elſe within your province, are properly and methodically diſpos'd for an entertainment this evening.

BUT-

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BUTLER.

Master *Vellum*, they shall be ready at a quarter of an hour's warning. But pray, Sir, is this entertainment to be made for the Conjurer?

VELLUM.

It is, *John*, for the Conjurer, and yet it is not for the Conjurer?

BUTLER.

Why, look you, Master *Vellum*, if it is for the Conjurer, the Cook-maid shou'd have orders to get him some dishes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimstone in his sauce.

VELLUM.

This Conjurer, *John*, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a person of a twofold nature — but he eats and drinks like other men.

BUTLER.

Marry, Master *Vellum*, he shou'd eat and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

VELLUM.

Thy conceit is not amiss, he is indeed a double man, ha, ha, ha!

BUTLER.

Ha! I understand you, he's one of your Hermaphrodites, as they call 'em.

VELLUM.

He is married, and he is not married — he hath a beard, and he hath no beard. He is old and he is young.

BUTLER.

How charmingly he talks! I fancy, Master *Vellum*, you cou'd make a Riddle. The same Man old and young? how do you make that out, Master *Vellum*?

VELLUM.

Thou hast heard of a snake casting his skin, and recovering his youth. Such is this sage person.

BUT-

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BUTLER.

Nay, 'tis no wonder a Conjurer ſhou'd be like a Serpent.

VELLUM.

When he has thrown aſide the old Conjurer's ſlough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young Gentleman as ever was ſeen in this houſe.

BUTLER.

Does he intend to ſup in his ſlough?

VELLUM.

That time will ſhow.

BUTLER.

Well, I have not a head for theſe things. Indeed, Mr. *Vellum*, I have not underſtood one word you have ſaid this half hour.

VELLUM.

I did not intend thou ſhou'dſt — but to our buſineſs — let their be a table ſpread in the great hall. Let your pots and glaſſes be waſh'd, and in a readineſs. Bid the cook provide a plentiful ſupper, and ſee that all the ſervants be in their beſt liveries.

BUTLER.

Ay! now I underſtand every word you ſay. But I wou'd rather hear you talk a little in that t'other way.

VELLUM.

I ſhall explain to thee what I have ſaid by and by — bid *Suſan* lay two pillows upon your Lady's bed.

BUTLER.

Two pillows! Madam won't ſleep upon 'em both! ſhe is not a double woman too.

VELLUM.

She will ſleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. *Abigal*, I think I hear her chiding the Cook-maid.

BUTLER.

Then I'll away, or it will be my turn next; ſhe, I am ſure, ſpeaks plain *Engliſh*, one may eaſily underſtand every word ſhe ſays. [*Exit* Butler.

VEL-

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VELLUM *ſolus.*

VELLUM.

Servants are good for nothing, unleſs they have an Opinion of the Perſon's underſtanding who has the direction of them — but ſee Mrs. *Abigal!* ſhe has a bewitching countenance, I wiſh I may not be tempted to marry her in good earneſt.

Enter ABIGAL.

ABIGAL.

Ha! Mr. *Vellum.*

VELLUM.

What brings my ſweet one hither?

ABIGAL.

I am coming to ſpeak to my friend behind the wainſcot. It is fit, child, he ſhould have an account of this Conjurer, that he may not be ſurpris'd.

VELLUM.

That wou'd be as much as thy thouſand pound is worth.

ABIGAL.

I'll ſpeak low — walls have ears.

[*Pointing at the wainſcot.*

VELLUM.

But hark you Ducklin! be ſure you do not tell him that I am let into the ſecret.

ABIGAL.

That's a good one indeed! as if I ſhou'd ever tell what paſſes between you and me.

VELLUM.

No, no, my child, that muſt not be; he, he, he! that muſt not be; he, he, he!

ABI-

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ABIGAL.

You will always be waggiſh.

VELLUM.

Adieu, and let me hear the reſult of your conference.

ABIGAL.

How can you leave one ſo ſoon? I ſhall think it an age till I ſee you again.

VELLUM.

Adieu my pretty one.

ABIGAL.

Adieu ſweet Mr. *Vellum.*

VELLUM.

My pretty one. —— [*As he is going off.*

ABIGAL.

Dear Mr. *Vellum!*

VELLUM.

My pretty one! [*Exit* Vellum.

ABIGAL *ſola.*

I have him—if I can but get this thouſand pound.

[Fantome *gives three raps upon his Drum behind the wainſcot.*

ABIGAL.

Ha! three raps upon the Drum! the ſignal Mr. *Fantome* and I agreed upon, when he had a mind to ſpeak with me. [Fantome *raps again.*

ABIGAL.

Very well, I hear you; come fox, come out of your hole.

Scene *opens and* FANTOME *comes out.*

ABIGAL.

You may leave your Drum in the wardrobe, till you have occaſion for it.

FAN-

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FANTOME.

Well, Mrs. *Abigal*, I want to hear what is a doing in the world.

ABIGAL.

You are a very inquisitive Spirit. But I must tell you, if you do not take care of yourself, you will be laid this evening.

FANTOME.

I have overheard something of that matter. But let me alone for the Doctor — I'll engage to give a good account of him. I am more in pain about *Tinsel*. When a Lady's in the case, I'm more afraid of one Fop than twenty Conjurers.

ABIGAL.

To tell you truly, he presses his attacks with so much impudence, that he has made more progress with my Lady in two days, than you did in two months.

FANTOME.

I shall attack her in another manner, if thou canst but procure me another interview. There's nothing makes a lover so keen, as being kept up in the dark.

ABIGAL.

Pray no more of your distant bows, your respectful compliments—Really, Mr. *Fantome*, you're only fit to make love across a tea-table.

FANTOME.

My dear Girl! I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good advice.

ABIGAL.

Ay, now I have some hopes of you; but why don't you do so to my Lady?

FANTOME.

Child, I always thought your Lady lov'd to be treated with respect.

ABIGAL.

Believe me, Mr. *Fantome*, there is not so great a difference

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difference between woman and woman as you imagine. You see *Tinsel* has nothing but his saucinefs to recommend him.

FANTOME.

Tinsel is too great a Coxcomb to be capable of love — And let me tell thee, *Abigal*, a man, who is fincere in his paffion, makes but a very aukward profeffion of it — but I'll mend my manners.

ABIGAL.

Ay, or you'll never gain a widow — come, I muft tutor you a little; fuppofe me to be my Lady, and let me fee how you'll behave yourfelf.

FANTOME.

I'm afraid, child, we han't time for fuch a piece of mummery.

ABIGAL.

Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your part well.

FANTOME.

Why then, dear Mrs. *Ab* — I mean my Lady *Truman.*

ABIGAL.

Ay! but you han't faluted me.

FANTOME.

That's right; Faith I forgot that circumftance. [*Kiffes her.*] *Nectar* and *Ambrofia!*

ABIGAL.

That's very well —

FANTOME.

How long muft I be condemn'd to languifh! when fhall my fufferings have an end! my life! my happineſs, my all is wound up in you. —

ABIGAL.

Well! why don't you fqueeze my hand?

FANTOME.

What, thus?

ABI.

ABIGAL.

Thus? Ay — now throw your arm about my middle; hug me cloſer.—You are not afraid of hurting me! now pour forth a volley of rapture and nonſenſe, till you are out of breath.

FANTOME.

Tranſport and ecſtaſy! where am I! my life! my bliſs! — I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die!

ABIGAL.

Go on, go on.

FANTOME.

Flames and darts — bear me to the gloomy ſhade, rocks and grottoes — flowers, *Zephyrs*, and purling ſtreams.

ABIGAL.

Oh! Mr. *Fantome*, you have a tongue would undo a veſtal! you were born for the ruin of our ſex.

FANTOME.

This will do then, *Abigal?*

ABIGAL.

Ay, this is talking like a lover. Tho' I only repreſent my Lady, I take a pleaſure in hearing you. Well, o' my conſcience when a man of ſenſe has a little daſh of the coxcomb in him, no woman can reſiſt him. Go on at this rate, and the thouſand pound is as good as in my pocket.

FANTOME.

I ſhall think it an age till I have an opportunity of putting this leſſon in practice.

ABIGAL.

You may do it ſoon, if you make good uſe of your time; Mr. *Tinſel* will be here with my Lady at eight, and at nine the Conjurer is to take you in hand.

FANTOME.

Let me alone with both of them.

ABI-

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ABIGAL.

Well! forewarn'd, fore-arm'd. Get into your box, and I'll endeavour to diſpoſe every thing in your favour.

[Fantome *goes in, exit* Abigal.

Enter VELLUM.

VELLUM.

Mrs. *Abigal* is withdrawn. — I was in hopes to have heard what paſs'd between her and her inviſible correſpondent.

Enter TINSEL.

TINSEL.

Vellum! Vellum!

VELLUM.

Vellum! We are methinks very familiar; I am not us'd to be call'd ſo by any but their Ho--nours [*Aſide.*] —What wou'd you, Mr. *Tinſel?*

TINSEL.

Let me beg a favour of thee, old gentleman.

VELLUM.

What is that, good Sir?

TINSEL.

Pr'ythee run and fetch me the rent-roll of thy Lady's eſtate.

VELLUM.

The rent-roll?

TINSEL.

The rent-roll? ay, the rent roll! doſt not underſtand what that means?

VELLUM.

Why, have you thoughts of purchaſing of it?

TINSEL.

Thou haſt hit it, old boy; that is my very intention.

VEL.

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VELLUM.

The purchaſe will be conſiderable.

TINSEL.

And for that reaſon I have bid thy Lady very high — ſhe is to have no leſs for it than this entire perſon of mine.

VELLUM.

Is your whole eſtate perſonal, Mr. *Tinſel?* — he, he, he!

TINSEL.

Why, you queer old dog, you don't pretend to jeſt, d'ye? Look ye, *Vellum*, if you think of being continued my ſteward, you muſt learn to walk with your toes out.

VELLUM.

An inſolent companion! [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

Thou'rt confounded rich I ſee, by that dangling of thy arms.

VELLUM.

An ungracious bird! [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

Thou ſhalt lend me a couple of thouſand pounds.

VELLUM.

A very profligate. [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

Look ye, *Vellem*, I intend to be kind to you. — I'll borrow ſome money of you.

VELLUM.

I cannot but ſmile to conſider the diſappointment this young fellow will meet with; I will make myſelf merry with him. [*Aſide.*] — And ſo, Mr. *Tinſel*, you promiſe you will be a very kind maſter to me?

[*Stifling a laugh.*

TINSEL.

What will you give for a life in the houſe you live in?

VEL-

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VELLUM.

What do you think of five hundred pounds? — ha, ha, ha!

TINSEL.

That's too little.

VELLUM.

And yet it is more than I shall give —— and I will offer you two reasons for it.

TINSEL.

Pr'ythee what are they?

VELLUM.

First, because the tenement is not in your dispofal; and secondly, because it never will be in your dispofal: and so fare you well, good Mr. *Tinsel*. Ha, ha, ha, you will pardon me for being jocular. [*Exit* Vellum.

TINSEL.

This rogue is as saucy as the Conjurer; I'll be hang'd if they are not akin.

Enter LADY.

LADY.

Mr. *Tinsel*, what, all alone? You Free-thinkers are great admirers of solitude.

TINSEL.

No, faith, I have been talking with thy steward; a very grotesque figure of a fellow, the very picture of one of our Benchers. How can you bear his converfation?

LADY.

I keep him for my steward, and not my companion. He's a sober man?

TINSEL.

Yes, yes, he looks like a put —— a queer old dog, as ever I saw in my life: we must turn him off, widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I see that.

LADY.

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LADY.

Indeed you're miſtaken, he has always had the reputation of being a very honeſt man.

TINSEL.

What, I ſuppoſe he goes to church.

LADY.

Goes to church! ſo do you too, I hope.

TINSEL.

I wou'd for once, Widow, to make ſure of you.

LADY.

Ah, Mr. *Tinſel*, a huſband who would not continue to go thither, would quickly forget the promiſes he made there.

TINSEL.

Faith, very innocent and very ridiculous! Well then, I warrant thee, Widow, thou wou'dſt not for the world marry a ſabbath-breaker!

LADY.

Truly they generally come to a bad end. I remember the Conjurer told you you were ſhort-liv'd.

TINSEL.

The Conjurer! Ha, ha, ha!

LADY.

Indeed you're very witty!

TINSEL.

Indeed you're very handſome. [*Kiſſes her hand.*

LADY.

I wiſh the Fool does not love me! [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

Thou art the idol I adore. Here muſt I pay my devotion —— Pr'ythee, Widow, haſt thou any timber upon thy eſtate?

LADY.

The moſt impudent fellow I ever met with. [*Aſide.*

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TINSEL.

I take notice thou haſt a great deal of old plate here in the houſe, Widow.

LADY.

Mr. *Tinſel*, you are a very obſerving man.

TINSEL.

Thy large ſilver ciſtern would make a very good coach; and half a dozen ſalvers that I ſaw on the ſide-board, might be turn'd into ſix as pretty horſes as any that appear in the ring.

LADY.

You have a very good fancy, Mr. *Tinſel*—what pretty transformations you could make in my houſe—But I'll ſee where 'twill end. [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

Then I obſerve, child, you have two or three ſervices of gilt plate; we'd eat always in china, my dear.

LADY.

I perceive you are an excellent manager —— how quickly you have taken an inventory of my goods!

TINSEL.

Now hark ye, Widow, to ſhow you the love that I have for you ——

LADY.

Very well, let me hear.

TINSEL.

You have an old-faſhion'd gold caudle-cup, with the figure of a Saint upon the lid on't.

LADY.

I have: what then?

TINSEL.

Why look ye, I'd ſell the caudle-cup with the old Saint for as much money as they'd fetch, which I wou'd convert into a diamond buckle, and make you a preſent of it.

LADY.

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LADY.

Oh you are generous to an extravagance. But pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, don't dispose of my goods before you are sure of my person. I find you have taken a great affection to my moveables.

TINSEL.

My dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

LADY.

I see you do, Sir, you need not make any protestations upon that subject.

TINSEL.

Pho, pho, my dear, we are growing serious, and, let me tell you, that's the very next step to being dull. Come, that pretty face was never made to look grave with.

LADY.

Believe me, Sir, whatever you may think, marriage is a serious subject.

TINSEL.

For that very reason, my dear, let us get over it as fast as we can.

LADY.

I shou'd be very much in haste for a husband, if I married within fourteen months after Sir *George*'s decease.

TINSEL.

Pray, my dear, let me ask you a question; Dost not thou think that Sir *George* is as dead at present, to all intents and purposes, as he will be a twelvemonth hence?

LADY.

Yes: but decency, Mr. *Tinsel* ——

TINSEL.

Or dost thou think thou'lt be more a Widow then, than thou art now?

LADY.

The world would say I never lov'd my first husband.

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TINSEL.

Ah, my dear, they wou'd say you lov'd your second; and they wou'd own I deserv'd it, for I shall love thee most inordinately.

LADY.

But what wou'd people think?

TINSEL.

Think! why they wou'd think thee the Mirrour of widowhood—That a Woman shou'd live fourteen whole months after the decease of her Spouse, without having engaged herself. Why, about town, we know many a woman of quality's second Husband several years before the death of the first.

LADY.

Ay, I know you Wits have your common-place jests upon us poor Widows.

TINSEL.

I'll tell you a story, Widow; I know a certain Lady, who considering the craziness of her husband, had, in case of mortality, engaged herself to two young fellows of my acquaintance. They grew such desperate rivals for her while her husband was alive, that one of them pink'd the other in a duel. But the good Lady was no sooner a Widow, but what did my dowager do? Why faith, being a woman of Honour, she married a third, to whom, it seems, she had given her first promise.

LADY.

And this is a true story upon your own knowledge?

TINSEL.

Every tittle, as I hope to be marry'd, or never believe *Tom Tinsel.*

LADY.

Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, do you call this talking like a Wit, or like a Rake?

TINSEL.

Innocent enough; he, he, he! Why! where's the difference, my dear?

LADY.

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LADY.

Yes, Mr. *Tinsel*, the only man I ever lov'd in my life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other in him.

TINSEL.

Nay, now you grow vapourish; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hear'ſt the Drum by and by.

LADY.

If you had been here laſt night about this time, you would not have been ſo merry.

TINSEL.

About this time, ſay'ſt thou? Come faith, for the humour's ſake, we'll ſit down and liſten.

LADY.

I will, if you'll promiſe to be ſerious.

TINSEL.

Serious! never fear me, child. Ha, ha, ha! doſt not hear him?

LADY.

You break your word already. Pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, do you laugh to ſhow your wit or your teeth!

TINSEL.

Why, both! my dear. — I'm glad however, that ſhe has taken notice of my teeth. [*Aſide.*] But you look ſerious, Child; I fancy thou hearſt the Drum, doſt not?

LADY.

Don't talk ſo raſhly.

TINSEL.

Why, my dear, you could not look more frighted if you had *Lucifer*'s Drum-major in your houſe.

LADY.

Mr. *Tinſel*, I muſt deſire to ſee you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of talking.

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TINSEL.

Child, I thought I had told you what is my opinion of Spirits, as we were drinking a diſh of tea but juſt now —There is no ſuch thing, I give thee my word.

LADY.

Oh, Mr. *Tinſel*, your authority muſt be of great weight to thoſe that know you.

TINSEL.

For my part, Child, I have made myſelf eaſy in thoſe points.

LADY.

Sure nothing was ever like this fellow's vanity, but his ignorance. [*Aſide.*

TINSEL.

I'll tell thee what now, Widow, — I wou'd engage by the help of a white ſheet and a penyworth of link in a dark night, to frighten you a whole country village out of their ſenſes, and the Vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats.*] Hark! hark! what noiſe is that! Heaven defend us! this is more than fancy.

LADY.

It beats more terrible than ever.

TINSEL.

'Tis very dreadful! what a dog have I been to ſpeak againſt my conſcience, only to ſhew my parts!

LADY.

It comes nearer and nearer. I wiſh you have not anger'd it by your fooliſh diſcourſe.

TINSEL.

Indeed, Madam, I did not ſpeak from my heart; I hope it will do me no hurt, for a little harmleſs rallery.

LADY.

Harmleſs, d'ye call it? it beats hard by us, as if it wou'd break through the wall.

TIN-

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TINSEL.

What a devil had I do with a white sheet?

[*Scene opens and discovers* Fantome.

TINSEL.

Mercy on us! it appears.

LADY.

Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he himself, 'tis Sir *George!* 'tis my husband. [*She faints.*

TINSEL.

Now wou'd I give ten thousand pound that I were in town. [Fantome *advances to him drumming.* I beg ten thousand pardons. I'll never talk at this rate any more. [Fantome *still advances drumming.* By my Soul, Sir *George*, I was not in earnest [*falls on his knees.*] Have compassion on my youth, and consider I am but a coxcomb — [Fantome *points to the door.*] But see he waves me off — ay with all my heart — What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?

[*He steals off the stage, mending his pace as the Drum beats.*

FANTOME.

The scoundrel is gone, and has left his Mistress behind him. I'm mistaken if he makes love in this house any more. I have now only the Conjurer to deal with. I don't question but I shall make his reverence scamper as fast as the lover. And then the day's my own. But the servants are coming. I must get into my cupboard. [*He goes in.*

Enter ABIGAL *and Servants.*

ABIGAL.

O my poor Lady! this wicked Drum has frighted Mr. *Tinsel* out of his wits, and my Lady into a swoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the fresh air, and she'll recover. [*They carry*

carry her off.] This is a little barbarous to my Lady, but 'tis all for her good: and I know her ſo well, that ſhe wou'd not be angry with me, if ſhe knew what I was to get by it. And if any of her friends ſhou'd blame me for it hereafter,

I'll clap my Hand upon my Purſe, and tell 'em,
'Twas for a thouſand Pound, and Mr. Vellum.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir George *in his Conjurer's Habit, the* Butler *marching before him with two large candles, and the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little table, and another a chair.*

BUTLER.

AN'T pleaſe your Worſhip, Mr. *Conjurer*, the Steward has given all of us orders to do whatſoever you ſhall bid us, and to pay you the ſame reſpect, as if you were our Maſter.

Sir GEORGE.

Thou ſay'ſt well.

GARDINER.

An't pleaſe your Conjurer's Worſhip, ſhall I ſet the table down here?

Sir GEORGE.

Here, *Peter*.

GARDINER.

Peter!—he knows my name by his learning. [*Aſide.*

COACHMAN.

I have brought you, reverend Sir, the largeſt elbow-chair in the houſe; 'tis that the Steward ſits in when he holds a Court.

Sir GEORGE.

Place it there.

BUTLER.

Sir, will you pleaſe to want any thing elſe?

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Sir GEORGE.

Paper, and a pen and ink.

BUTLER.

Sir, I believe we have paper that is fit for your purpose! my Lady's mourning paper, that is black'd at the edges—wou'd you chooſe to write with a crow-quill?

Sir GEORGE.

There is none better.

BUTLER.

Coachman, go fetch the paper and ſtandiſh out of the little Parlour.

COACHMAN. [*to the Gardiner.*]

Peter, pr'ythee do thou go along with me—I'm afraid —you know I went with you laſt night into the garden, when the cook-maid wanted a handful of parſley.

BUTLER.

Why, you don't think I'll ſtay with the Conjurer by myſelf!

GARDINER.

Come we'll all three go and fetch the pen and ink together. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir GEORGE *ſolus.*

There's nothing, I ſee, makes ſuch ſtrong alliances as fear. Theſe fellows are all enter'd into a confederacy againſt the Ghoſt. There muſt be abundance of buſineſs done in the family at this rate. But here comes the triple alliance. Who cou'd have thought theſe three rogues cou'd have found each of 'em an employment in fetching a pen and ink?

Enter GARDINER *with a Sheet of paper,* COACHMAN *with a Standiſh, and* BUTLER *with a Pen.*

GARDINER.

Sir, there is your paper.

COACH-

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COACHMAN.

Sir, there is your Standish.

BUTLER.

Sir, there is your crow-quill pen — I'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Aside.*

GARDINER.

He forgets that he's to make a circle [*Aside.*] — Doctor, shall I help you to a bit of chalk?

Sir GEORGE.

It is no matter.

BUTLER.

Look ye, Sir, I show'd you the spot where he's heard oftenest, if your worship can but ferret him out of that old wall in that next room —

Sir GEORGE.

We shall try.

GARDINER.

That's right, *John*. His worship must let fly all his learning at that old wall.

BUTLER.

Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I wou'd have a bottle of good *October* by me. Shall I set a cup of old stingo at your elbow?

Sir GEORGE.

I thank thee — we shall do without it.

GARDINER.

John, he seems a very good-natur'd man for a Conjurer.

BUTLER.

I'll take this opportunity of enquiring after a bit of plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst he is in my Lady's pay, one may hedge in a question or two into the bargain. Sir, Sir, may I beg a word in your ear?

Sir GEORGE.

What wouldst thou?

BUT-

BUTLER.

Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I loſt one of my ſilver ſpoons laſt week.

Sir GEORGE.

Mark'd with a Swan's neck —

BUTLER.

My Lady's creſt! He knows every thing. [*Aſide.*] How wou'd your worſhip adviſe me to recover it again?

Sir GEORGE.

Hum!

BUTLER.

What muſt I do to come at it?

Sir GEORGE.

Drink nothing but ſmall-beer for a fortnight —

BUTLER.

Small-beer! Rot-gut!

Sir GEORGE.

If thou drink'ſt a ſingle drop of Ale before fifteen days are expir'd — it is as much — as thy ſpoon — is worth.

BUTLER.

I ſhall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aſide.*

COACHMAN.

D'ye mind how they whiſper?

GARDINER.

I'll be hang'd if he be not aſking him ſomething about *Nell.*

COACHMAN.

I'll take this opportunity of putting a queſtion to him about poor *Dobbin:* I fancy he cou'd give me better counſel than the farrier.

BUTLER. [*to the Gardiner.*]

A prodigious Man! he knows every thing: Now is the time to find out thy pick-ax.

GARDINER.

I have nothing to give him: Does not he expect to have his hand croſs'd with ſilver?

COACH.

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COACHMAN. [*to Sir* George.]
Sir, may a man venture to aſk you a queſtion?

Sir GEORGE.
Aſk it.

COACHMAN.
I have a poor horſe in the ſtable that's bewitch'd —

Sir GEORGE.
A bay gelding.

COACHMAN.
How cou'd he know that? — [*Aſide.*

Sir GEORGE.
Bought at *Banbury.*

COACHMAN.
Whew — ſo it was o' my conſcience. [*Whiſtles.*

Sir GEORGE.
Six years old laſt *Lammas.*

COACHMAN.
To a day. [*Aſide.*] Now, Sir, I wou'd know whether the poor beaſt is bewitch'd by Goody *Crouch* or Goody *Flye*?

Sir GEORGE.
Neither.

COACHMAN.
Then it muſt be Goody *Gurton?* for ſhe is the next old woman in the pariſh.

GARDINER.
Haſt thou done, *Robin?*

COACHMAN. [*to the Gardiner.*]
He can tell thee any thing.

GARDINER. [*to Sir* George.]
Sir, I wou'd beg to take you a little further out of hearing —

Sir GEORGE.
Speak.

GARDINER.
The Butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in love at the ſame time with a certain perſon. *Sir*

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Sir GEORGE.

A woman.

GARDINER.

How cou'd he know that? [*Aside.*

Sir GEORGE.

Go on.

GARDINER.

This woman has lately had two children at a birth.

Sir GEORGE.

Twins.

GARDINER.

Prodigious! where cou'd he hear that? [*Aside.*

Sir GEORGE.

Proceed.

GARDINER.

Now, becauſe I us'd to meet her ſometimes in the garden, ſhe has laid them both —

Sir GEORGE.

To thee.

GARDINER.

What a power of learning he muſt have! he knows every thing. [*Aside.*

Sir GEORGE.

Haſt thou done?

GARDINER.

I wou'd deſire to know whether I am really father to them both?

Sir GEORGE.

Stand before me, let me ſurvey thee round.

[*Lays his wand upon his head, and makes him turn about.*

COACHMAN.

Look yonder, *John*, the ſilly dog is turning about under the Conjurer's wand. If he has been ſaucy to him, we ſhall ſee him puff'd off in a whirlwind immediately

Sir GEORGE.

Twins, doſt thou ſay! [*Still turning him.*

GAR-

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GARDINER.

Ay; are they both mine, d'ye think?

Sir GEORGE.

Own but one of them.

GARDINER.

Ah, but Mrs. *Abigal* will have me take care of them both — she's always for the Butler — if my poor Master Sir *George* had been alive, he wou'd have made him go halves with me.

Sir GEORGE.

What, was Sir *George* a kind master?

GARDINER.

Was he! ay, my fellow-servants will bear me witness.

Sir GEORGE.

Did you love Sir *George?*

BUTLER.

Every body lov'd him —

COACHMAN.

There was not a dry eye in the Parish at the news of his death —

GARDINER.

He was the best neighbour —

BUTLER.

The kindest husband —

COACHMAN.

The truest friend to the poor —

BUTLER.

My good Lady took on mightily, we all thought it wou'd have been the death of her —

Sir GEORGE.

I protest these fellows melt me! I think the time long till I am their master again, that I may be kind to them. [*Aside.*

Enter

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Enter VELLUM.

VELLUM.

Have you provided the Doctor ev'ry thing he has occaſion for? if ſo—you may depart. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir GEORGE.

I can as yet ſee no hurt in my wife's behaviour; but ſtill have ſome certain pangs and doubts, that are natural to the heart of a fond Man. I muſt take the advantage of my diſguiſe to be thoroughly ſatisfied. It wou'd neither be for her happineſs, nor mine, to make myſelf known to her till I am ſo [*Aſide.*] — Dear *Vellum!* I am impatient to hear ſome news of my wife, how does ſhe after her fright?

VELLUM.

It is a ſaying ſomewhere in my Lord *Coke*, that a Widow—

Sir GEORGE.

I aſk of my Wife, and thou talk'ſt to me of my Lord *Coke*—pr'ythee tell me how ſhe does, for I am in pain for her.

VELLUM.

She is pretty well recover'd, Mrs. *Abigal* has put her in good heart; and I have given her great hopes from your ſkill.

Sir GEORGE.

That I think cannot fail, ſince thou haſt got this ſecret out of *Abigal*. But I could not have thought my friend *Fantome* would have ſerv'd me thus —

VELLUM.

You will ſtill fancy you are a living Man —

Sir GEORGE.

That he ſhou'd endeavour to enſnare my wife —

VELLUM.

You have no right in her, after your demiſe: Death extinguiſhes

extinguiſhes all property,—*Quoad hanc*—it is a maxim in the law.

Sir GEORGE.

A pox on your learning! well, but what's become of *Tinſel?*

VELLUM.

He ruſh'd out of the houſe, call'd for his horſe, clap'd ſpurs to his ſides, and was out of ſight in leſs time than I——can——tell——ten.

Sir GEORGE.

This is whimſical enough! my wife will have a quick ſucceſſion of lovers, in one day —— *Fantome* has driven out *Tinſel*, and I ſhall drive out *Fantome*.

VELLUM.

Ev'n as one wedge driveth out another—he, he, he! you muſt pardon me for being jocular.

Sir GEORGE.

Was there ever ſuch a provoking blockhead! but he means me well. [*Aſide.*] Well! I muſt have ſatisfaction of this traitor *Fantome*; and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my houſe, in a manner that ſhall throw ſhame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives. —— You muſt remember, *Vellum*, you have abundance of buſineſs upon your hands, and I have but juſt time to tell it you over; all I require of you is diſpatch, therefore hear me.

VELLUM.

There is nothing more requiſite in buſineſs than diſpatch ——.

Sir GEORGE.

Then hear me.

VELLUM.

It is indeed the life of buſineſs ——

Sir GEORGE.

Hear me then, I ſay.

VEL

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V. E. L. L. U. M.

And as one has rightly obſerved, the benefit that attends it is four-fold. First——

Sir G. E. O. R. G. E.

There is no bearing this! thou art a going to deſcribe diſpatch, when thou ſhouldſt be practiſing it.

V. E. L. L. U. M.

But your Ho--nour will not give me the hearing——

Sir G. E. O. R. G. E.

Thou wilt not give me the hearing— [*Angrily.*

V. E. L. L. U. M.

I am ſtill.

Sir G. E. O. R. G. E.

In the firſt place, you are to lay my wig, hat, and ſword, ready for me in the cloſet, and one of my ſcarlet coats. You know how *Abigal* has deſcribed the Ghoſt to you.

V. E. L. L. U. M.

It ſhall be done.

Sir G. E. O. R. G. E.

Then you muſt remember, whilſt I am laying this Ghoſt, you are to prepare my wife for the reception of her real huſband; tell her the whole ſtory, and do it with all the art you are maſter of, that the ſurpriſe may not be too great for her.

V. E. L. L. U. M.

It ſhall be done —— but ſince her Ho--nour has ſeen this apparition, ſhe deſires to ſee you once more, before you encounter it.

Sir G. E. O. R. G. E.

I ſhall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent Rogue *Tinſel.* I hope thou haſt not told *Abigal* any thing of the ſecret.

V. E. L. L. U. M.

Mrs. *Abigal* is a woman; there are many reaſons why

why she shou'd not be acquainted with it; I shall only mention six —

Sir GEORGE.

Hush, here she comes! oh my heart!

Enter LADY *and* ABIGAL.

Sir GEORGE.

[*Aside, while* Vellum *talks in dumb shew to Lady.*] O that lov'd woman! how I long to take her into my arms! if I find I am still dear to her memory, it will be a return to life indeed! But I must take care of indulging this tenderness, and put on a behaviour more suitable to my present character.

[*Walks at a distance in a pensive posture, waving his wand.*

LADY. [*To* Vellum.]

This is surprising indeed! so all the servants tell me; they say he knows every thing that has happen'd in the family.

ABIGAL. [*Aside.*]

A parcel of credulous fools! they first tell him their secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

[*Exit* Vellum, *exchanging fond looks with* Abigal.

LADY.

Learned Sir, may I have some conversation with you, before you begin your ceremonies?

Sir GEORGE.

Speak! but hold — first let me feel your pulse.

LADY.

What can you learn from that?

Sir GEORGE.

I have already learnt a secret from it, that will astonish you.

LADY.

Pray, what is it?

Sir

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Sir GEORGE.

You will have a husband within this half hour.

ABIGAL. [*Aside.*]

I'm glad to hear that — he must mean Mr. *Fantome*; I begin to think there's a great deal of truth in his art.

LADY.

Alas! I fear you mean I shall see Sir *George*'s apparition a second time.

Sir GEORGE.

Have courage, you shall see the apparition no more. The husband I mention shall be as much alive as I am.

ABIGAL.

Mr. *Fantome* to be sure. [*Aside.*

LADY.

Impossible! I lov'd my first too well.

Sir GEORGE.

You cou'd not love the first better than you will love the second.

ABIGAL. [*Aside.*]

I'll be hang'd if my dear steward has not instructed him; he means Mr. *Fantome* to be sure; the thousand pound is our own!

LADY.

Alas! you did not know Sir *George*.

Sir GEORGE.

As well as I do myself—I saw him with you in the red damask room, when he first made love to you; your mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a visit from Mrs. *Hawthorn*, on her return from *London*.

LADY.

This is astonishing!

Sir GEORGE.

You were a great admirer of a single life for the first half hour; your refusals then grew still fainter and fainter. With what ecstasy did Sir *George* kiss your hand, when you told him you shou'd always follow the advice of your *Mamma!* *LADY.*

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LADY.

Every circumstance to a tittle?

Sir GEORGE.

Then, Lady! the wedding night! I saw you in your white sattin night-gown; you wou'd not come out of your dressing-room, till Sir *George* took you out by force. He drew you gently by the hand — you struggled—but he was too strong for you —you blush'd, he —

LADY.

Oh! stop there! go no farther! — he knows every thing. [*Aside.*

ABIGAL.

Truly, Mr. *Conjurer*, I believe you have been a wag in your youth.

Sir GEORGE.

Mrs. *Abigal*, you know what your good word cost Sir *George*, a purse of broad pieces, Mrs. *Abigal.*

ABIGAL.

The Devil's in him. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir, since you have told so far, you should tell my Lady that I refus'd to take them.

Sir GEORGE.

'Tis true, Child, he was forc'd to thrust them into your bosom.

ABIGAL.

This Rogue will mention the thousand pound, if I don't take care. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir, tho' you are a Conjurer, methinks you need not be a Blab —

LADY.

Sir, since I have no reason to doubt of your art, I must beseech you to treat this apparition gently — it has the resemblance of my deceas'd husband; if there be any undiscover'd secret, any thing that troubles his rest, learn it of him.

Sir

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Sir GEORGE.

I muſt to that end be ſincerely informed by you, whether your heart be engaged to another; have not you received the Addreſſes of many lovers ſince his death?

LADY.

I have been oblig'd to receive more viſits than have been agreeable.

Sir GEORGE.

Was not *Tinſel* welcome? — I'm afraid to hear an anſwer to my own queſtion. [*Aſide.*

LADY.

He was well recommended.

Sir GEORGE.

Racks! [*Aſide.*

LADY.

Of a good family.

Sir GEORGE.

Tortures! [*Aſide.*

LADY.

Heir to a conſiderable eſtate!

Sir GEORGE.

Death! [*Aſide.*] And you ſtill love him? — I'm diſtracted! [*Aſide.*

LADY.

No, I deſpiſe him. I found he had a deſign upon my fortune, was baſe, profligate, cowardly, and ev'ry thing that cou'd be expected from a Man of the vileſt principles! —

Sir GEORGE.

I'm recover'd. [*Aſide.*

ABIGAIL.

Oh, Madam, had you ſeen how like a ſcoundrel he look'd when he left your Ladyſhip in a ſwoon. Where have you left my Lady? ſays I. In an elbow-chair, Child, ſays he: And where are you going? ſays I. To town,

town, Child, says he: For to tell thee truly; Child, says he, I don't care for living under the same roof with the Devil, says he.

Sir GEORGE.

Well, Lady, I see nothing in all this that may hinder Sir *George*'s Spirit from being at rest.

LADY.

If he knows any thing of what passes in my heart, he cannot but be satisfied of that fondness which I bear to his Memory. My sorrow for him is always fresh when I think of him. He was the kindest, truest, tendrest — Tears will not let me go on —

Sir GEORGE.

This quite o'erpowers me — I shall discover myself before my time. [*Aside.*] — Madam, you may now retire and leave me to myself.

LADY.

Success attend you!

ABIGAL.

I wish Mr. *Fantome* gets well off from this old Don. — I know he'll be with him immediately.

[*Exeunt* Lady *and* Abigal.

Sir GEORGE *solus.*

Sir GEORGE.

My heart is now at ease; she is the same dear woman I left her — now for my revenge upon *Fantome* — I shall cut the ceremonies short — a few words will do his business — now let me seat myself in form — a good easy-chair for a Conjurer this! — now for a few mathematical scratches — a good lucky scrawl, that — faith I think it looks very Astrological — these two or three magical Pot-hooks about it, make it a compleat Conjurer's scheme. [*Drum beats.*] Ha, ha, ha, Sir, are you

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you there? Enter, Drummer. Now I must pore upon my Paper.

Enter FANTOME, *beating the Drum.*

Sir GEORGE.

Pr'ythee, don't make a noise I'm busy. [Fantome *beats.* A pretty march! pr'ythee beat that over again.

[*He beats and advances.*

Sir GEORGE. [*Rising.*]

Ha! You're very perfect in the step of a Ghost. You stalk it majestically. [Fantome *advances.*

How the Rogue stares! he acts it to admiration! I'll be hang'd if he has not been practising this half hour in Mrs. *Abigal's* wardrobe.

[Fantome *starts, gives a rap upon his Drum.*

Pr'ythee don't play the fool! [Fantome *beats.*

Nay, nay, enough of this, good Mr. *Fantome.*

FANTOME. [*Aside.*]

Death! I'm discover'd. This Jade *Abigal* has betray'd me.

Sir GEORGE.

Mr. *Fantome,* upon the word of an Astrologer, your thousand pound bribe will never gain my Lady *Truman.*

FANTOME.

'Tis plain, she has told him all. [*Aside.*

Sir GEORGE.

Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive by my art, Mr. *Ghost* will have his bones broke.

FANTOME. [*to Sir* George.]

Look ye, old Gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this secret from Mrs. *Abigal.*

Sir GEORGE.

I have learnt it from my art.

FAN-

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FANTOME.

Thy art! pr'ythee no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my counsel, I'll give thee ten broad pieces —

Sir GEORGE.

I am not mercenary! young Man, I scorn thy Gold.

FANTOME.

I'll make them up twenty——

Sir GEORGE.

Avant! and that quickly, or I'll raise such an Apparition, as shall ——

FANTOME.

An Apparition, old Gentleman! you mistake your Man, I am not to be frighted with bugbears ——

Sir GEORGE.

Let me retire but for a few moments, and I will give thee such a proof of my art ——

FANTOME.

Why, if thou hast any *Hocus pocus* Tricks to play, why canst not do them here?

Sir GEORGE.

The raising of a Spirit, requires certain secret mysteries to be performed, and words to be mutter'd in private ——

FANTOME.

Well, if I see through your trick, you will promise to be my friend?

Sir GEORGE.

I will —— attend and tremble. [*Exit.*

FANTOME *solus.*

FANTOME.

A very solemn old Ass! but I smoke him,—he has a mind to raise his price upon me. I could not think this slut wou'd have us'd me thus — I begin to be horribly

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tir'd of my Drum, I wish I was well rid of it. However I have got this by it, that it has driven off *Tinsel* for good and all; I shan't have the mortification to see my mistress carry'd off by such a Rival. Well, whatever happens, I must stop this old fellow's mouth, I must not be sparing in hush-money. But here he comes.

Enter Sir GEORGE *in his own habit.*

FANTOME.

Ha! what's that! Sir *George Truman!* This can be no counterfeit. His dress! his shape! his face! the very wound of which he dy'd! nay, then 'tis time to decamp! [*Runs off.*

Sir GEORGE.

Ha, ha, ha, Fare you well, good Sir *George* —— the Enemy has left me master of the field: here are the marks of my victory. This Drum will I hang up in my great hall as the trophy of the day.

Enter ABIGAL.

Sir George *stands with his hand before his face in a musing posture.*

ABIGAL.

Yonder he is. O' my conscience he has driven off the Conjurer. Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome!* I give you joy, I give you joy. What do you think of your thousand pounds now? Why does not the Man speak?

[*Pulls him by the sleeve.*

Sir GEORGE.

Ha! [*Taking his hand from his face.*

ABIGAL.

Oh! 'tis my Master! [*Shrieks.*

[*Running away he catches her.*

Sir

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Sir GEORGE.

Good Mrs. *Abigal* not so fast.

ABIGAL.

Are you alive, Sir?—He has given my shoulder such a cursed tweak! they must be real fingers. I feel 'em I'm sure.

Sir GEORGE.

What dost think?

ABIGAL.

Think, Sir, Think? Troth I don't know what to think. Pray, Sir, how ——

Sir GEORGE.

No questions, good *Abigal*. Thy curiosity shall be satisfied in due time. Where's your Lady?

ABIGAL.

Oh, I am so frighted — and so glad! ——

Sir GEORGE.

Where's your Lady, I ask you ——

ABIGAL.

Marry I don't know where I am myself —— I can't forbear weeping for joy ——

Sir GEORGE.

Your Lady! I say your Lady! I must bring you to yourself with one pinch more ——

ABIGAL.

Oh! she has been talking a good while with the Steward.

Sir GEORGE.

Then he has open'd the whole story to her, I'm glad he has prepar'd her. Oh! here she comes.

Enter LADY *follow'd by* VELLUM.

LADY.

Where is he! let me fly into his arms! My life! my soul! my husband!

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Sir GEORGE.

Oh! let me catch thee to my heart, deareſt of women!

LADY.

Are you then ſtill alive, and are you here! I can ſcarce believe my ſenſes! now am I happy indeed!

Sir GEORGE.

My heart is too full to anſwer thee.

LADY.

How could you be ſo cruel to defer giving me that joy which you knew I muſt receive from your preſence? you have robb'd my life of ſome hours of happineſs that ought to have been in it.

Sir GEORGE.

It was to make our happineſs the more ſincere and unmixt. There will be now no doubts to daſh it. What has been the affliction of our lives, has given a variety to them, and will hereafter ſupply us with a thouſand materials to talk of.

LADY.

I am now ſatisfy'd that it is not in the power of abſence to leſſen your love towards me.

Sir GEORGE.

And I am ſatisfy'd that it is not in the power of death to deſtroy that love which makes me the happieſt of Men.

LADY.

Was ever woman ſo bleſt! to find again the darling of her Soul, when ſhe thought him loſt for ever! to enter into a kind of ſecond marriage with the only Man whom ſhe was ever capable of loving!

Sir GEORGE.

May it be as happy as our firſt, I deſire no more! Believe me, my Dear, I want words to expreſs thoſe tranſports of joy and tenderneſs which are every moment riſing in my heart whilſt I ſpeak to thee.

Enter

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Enter SERVANTS.

BUTLER.

Juſt as the Steward told us, Lads! Look you there, if he ben't with my Lady already.

GARDINER.

He! he! he! what a joyful night will this be for Madam!

COACHMAN.

As I was coming in at the gate, a ſtrange gentleman whiſk'd by me; but he took to his heels, and made away to the *George*. If I did not ſee maſter before, I ſhou'd have ſworn it had been his Honour.

GARDINER.

Ha'ſt given orders for the bells to be ſet a ringing?

COACHMAN.

Never trouble thy head about that, 'tis done.

Sir GEORGE [*to* Lady.]

My Dear, I long as much to tell you my whole ſtory, as you do to hear it. In the mean while, I am to look upon this as my wedding-day. I'll have nothing but the voice of mirth and feaſting in my houſe. My poor neighbours and my ſervants ſhall rejoice with me. My hall ſhall be free to every one, and let my cellars be thrown open.

BUTLER.

Ah! bleſs your Honour, may you never die again!

COACHMAN.

The ſame good man that ever he was!

GARDINER.

Whurra!

Sir GEORGE.

Vellum, thou haſt done me much ſervice to-day. I know thou lov'ſt *Abigal*, but ſhe's diſappointed in a fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a

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thouſand pound with her. It is not fit there ſhou'd be one ſad heart in my houſe to-night.

LADY.

What you do for *Abigal*, I know is meant as a compliment to me. This is a new inſtance of your love.

ABIGAL.

Mr. *Vellum*, you are a well-ſpoken Man: Pray do you thank my Maſter and my Lady.

Sir GEORGE.

Vellum, I hope you are not diſpleas'd with the Gift I make.

VELLUM.

The gift is two-fold. I receive from you
The virtuous partner, and a portion too;
For which, in humble wiſe, I thank the Donors:
And ſo we bid good-night to both your Honours.

THE

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THE

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

TO-night the Poet's advocate I ſtand,
And he deſerves the favour at my hand,
Who in my equipage their cauſe debating
Has plac'd two Lovers, and a third in waiting;
If both the firſt ſhou'd from their duty ſwerve,
There's one behind the wainſcot in reſerve.
In his next Play, if I would take this trouble,
He promis'd me to make the number double:
In troth 'twas ſpoke like an obliging creature,
For tho', 'tis ſimple, yet it ſhews good-nature.

My help thus ask'd, I cou'd not chooſe but grant,
And really I thought the Play wou'd want it.
Void as it is of all the uſual arts
To warm your fancies, and to ſteal your hearts:
No Court-Intrigue, no City-Cuckoldom,
No ſong, no dance, no muſic —— but a Drum ——
No ſmutty thought in doubtful phraſe expreſt;
And, Gentlemen, if ſo, pray where's the jeſt?
When we wou'd raiſe your mirth, you hardly know
Whether in ſtrictneſs you ſhou'd laugh or no,

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EPILOGUE.

But turn upon the Ladies in the pit,
And if they redden, you are ſure 'tis wit.

Protect him then, ye Fair-ones; for the Fair
Of all conditions are his equal care.
He draws a Widow, who, of blameleſs carriage,
True to her jointure, hates a ſecond marriage;
And to improve a virtuous wife's delights,
Out of one Man contrives two wedding-nights.
Nay, to oblige the ſex in every ſtate,
A nymph of five and forty finds her mate.

Too long has Marriage, in this taſteleſs age,
With ill-bred rallery ſupply'd the ſtage;
No little Scribler is of wit ſo bare,
But has his fling at the poor wedded pair.
Our Author deals not in conceits ſo ſtale:
For ſhou'd th' examples of his Play prevail,
No man need bluſh, tho' true to marriage-vows,
Nor be a jeſt tho' he ſhou'd love his ſpouſe.
Thus has he done you Britiſh *conſorts right,*
Whoſe Huſbands, ſhou'd they pry like mine to-night,
Wou'd never find you in your conduct ſlipping,
Tho' they turn'd Conjurers to take you tripping.

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THE LATE

TRIAL

AND

CONVICTION

OF

Count TARIFF.

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THE LATE

Trial and Conviction

OF

Count *TARIFF.*

THE whole Nation is at preſent very inquiſitive after the proceedings in the cauſe of Goodman *Fact*, Plaintiff, and Count *Tariff*, Defendant; as it was tried on the 18th of *June*, in the thirteenth year of her Majeſty's reign, and in the year of the Lord 1713. I ſhall therefore give my Countrymen a ſhort and faithful account of that whole matter. And in order to it, muſt in the firſt place premiſe ſome particulars relating to the perſon and character of the ſaid Plaintiff Goodman *Fact*.

Goodman *Fact* is allowed by every body to be a plain-ſpoken perſon, and a man of very few words. Tropes and figures are his Averſion. He affirms

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affirms every thing roundly, without any art, rhetoric, or circumlocution. He is a declared enemy to all kinds of ceremony and complaisance. He flatters no body. Yet so great is his natural eloquence that he cuts down the finest orator, and destroys the best contrived argument, as soon as ever he gets himself to be heard. He never applies to the passions or prejudices of his audience: when they listen with attention and honest minds, he never fails of carrying his point. He appeared in a suit of *English* broad-cloth, very plain, but rich. Every thing he wore was substantial, honest, home-spun ware. His cane indeed came from the *East-Indies*, and two or three little superfluities from *Turkey*, and other parts. It is said that he encouraged himself with a bottle of neat *Port*, before he appeared at the trial. He was huzzaed into the Court by several thousands of *Weavers*, *Clothiers*, *Fullers*, *Dyers*, *Packers*, *Calenders*, *Setters*, *Silk-men*, *Spinners*, *Dressers*, *Whitsters*, *Winders*, *Mercers*, *Throwsters*, *Sugar-bakers*, *Distillers*, *Drapers*, *Hosiers*, *Planters*, *Merchants*, and *Fishermen*; who all unanimously declared that they could not live above two months longer, if their Friend *Fact* did not gain his cause.

Every body was over-joyed to hear that the good man was come to town. He no sooner made his appearance in Court, but several of his Friends fell a weeping at the sight of him: for indeed he had not been seen there three years before.

The Charge he exhibited against Count *Tariff* was drawn up in the following articles.

I. That the said Count had given in false and fraudulent reports in the name of the Plaintiff.

II. That

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II. That the ſaid Count had tampered with the ſaid Plaintiff, and made uſe of many indirect methods to bring him over to his party.

III. That the ſaid Count had wilfully and knowingly traduced the ſaid Plaintiff, having miſrepreſented him in many cunningly deviſed ſpeeches, as a perſon in the *French* Intereſt.

IV. That the ſaid Count had averred in the preſence of above five hundred perſons, that he had heard the Plaintiff ſpeak in derogation of the *Portugueſe*, *Spaniards*, *Italians*, *Hollanders*, and others; who were the perſons whom the ſaid Plaintiff had always favoured in his diſcourſe, and whom he ſhould always continue to favour.

V. That the ſaid Count had given a very diſadvantageous relation of the three great Farms, which had long flouriſhed under the care and ſuperintendency of the Plaintiff.

VI. That he would have obliged the owners of the ſaid farms to buy up many commodities which grew upon their own lands. That he would have taken away the labour from the tenants, and put it into the hands of ſtrangers. That he would have leſſened and deſtroyed the produce of the ſaid farms.

That by theſe and many other wicked devices he would have ſtarved many honeſt day-labourers; have impoveriſhed the owner, and have filled his farm with beggars, *&c.*

VII. That the ſaid Count had either ſunk or miſlaid ſeveral books, papers, and receipts, by which the Plaintiff might ſooner have found means to vindicate himſelf from ſuch calumnies, aſperſions, and miſrepreſentations.

In all theſe particulars Goodman *Fact* was very ſhort but pithy: for, as I ſaid before, he was a plain home-

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home-ſpun man. His yea was yea, and his nay, nay. He had farther ſo much of the Quaker in him, that he never ſwore, but his affirmation was as valid as another's oath.

It was obſerved that Count *Tariff* endeavoured to brow-beat the Plaintiff all the while he was ſpeaking: but though he was not ſo impudent as the Count, he was every whit as ſturdy; and when it came to the Count's turn to ſpeak, old *Fact* ſo ſtared him in the face, after his plain, downright way, that the Count was very often ſtruck dumb, and forced to hold his tongue in the middle of his diſcourſe.

More witneſſes appeared on this occaſion to atteſt Goodman *Fact*'s veracity than ever were ſeen in a court of juſtice. His cauſe was pleaded by the ableſt men in the kingdom; among whom was a Gentleman of *Suffolk*, who did him ſignal ſervice.

Count *Tariff* appear'd juſt the reverſe of Goodman *Fact*. He was dreſſed in a fine brocade waſtecoat, curiouſly embroidered with Flower-de-luces. He wore alſo a broad-brimmed hat, a ſhoulder-knot, and a pair of ſilver-clocked ſtockings. His ſpeeches were accompanied with much geſture and grimace. He abounded in empty phraſes, ſuperficial flouriſhes, violent aſſertions, and feeble proofs. To be brief, he had all the *French* aſſurance, cunning, and volubility of tongue; and would moſt certainly have carried his cauſe, had he dealt with any one antagoniſt in the world beſides Goodman *Fact*.

The Count being call'd upon to anſwer to the charge which had been made againſt him, did it after a manner peculiar to the family of the *Tariffs*, *viz.* by railing and calling names.

He,

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He, in the firſt place, accuſed his adverſary of *Scandalum magnatum*, and of ſpeaking againſt his ſuperiors with ſaucineſs and contempt. As the plain good man was not of a make to have any friends at Court, he was a little ſtartled at this accuſation, till at length he made it appear, that it was impoſſible for any of his family to be either ſaucy or cringing; for that their character was, above all others in the world, to do what was required of them by the Court, that is, To SPEAK THE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

The Count in the next place aſſured the Court, that his antagoniſt had taken upon him a wrong name, having curtailed it of two or three letters; for that in reality his name was not FACT but FACTION. The Count was ſo pleaſed with this conceit, that for an hour together he repeated it in every ſentence; calling his antagoniſt's aſſertions, the reports of faction; his friends, the ſons of faction; the teſtimonies of witneſſes, the dictates of faction: nay, with ſuch a degree of impudence did he puſh this matter, that when he heard the cries of above a million of people begging for their bread, he termed the prayers and importunities of ſuch a ſtarving multitude, the CLAMOURS OF FACTION.

As ſoon as the Count was driven out of this device, he affirmed roundly in the Court, that FACT was not an *Engliſhman* by birth, but that he was of *Dutch* extraction, and born in *Holland*. In conſequence of this aſſertion, he began to rally the poor Plaintiff, under the title of MYNHEER VAN FACT; which took pretty well with the ſimpletons of his party, but the men of ſenſe did not think the jeſt worth all their lands and tenements.

When

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When the Count had finiſhed his ſpeech, he deſired leave to call in his witneſſes, which was granted: when immediately there came to the bar a man with a hat drawn over his eyes in ſuch a manner that it was impoſſible to ſee his face. He ſpoke in the ſpirit, nay in the very language of the Count, repeated his arguments, and confirmed his aſſertions. Being asked his name; he ſaid the world called him MERCATOR; but as for his true name, his age, his lineage, his religion, his place of abode, they were particulars, which for certain reaſons he was obliged to conceal. The Court found him ſuch a falſe, ſhuffling, prevaricating raſcal, that they ſet him aſide as a perſon unqualified to give his teſtimony in a Court of Juſtice; adviſing him at the ſame time, as he tendered his ears, to forbear uttering ſuch notorious falſhoods as he had then publiſhed. The witneſs however perſiſted in his contumacy, telling them he was very ſorry to find, that notwithſtanding what he had ſaid they were reſolved to be as arrant fools as all their forefathers had been for a hundred years before them.

There came up another witneſs who ſpoke much to the reputation of Count *Tariff*. This was a tall, black, bluſtering perſon, dreſs'd in a *Spaniſh* habit, with a plume of feathers on his head, a *Gelillie* about his neck, and a long *Toledo* ſticking out by his ſide; his garments were ſo covered with tinſel and ſpangles, that at a diſtance he ſeemed to be made up of ſilver and gold. He called himſelf DON ASSIENTO, and mentioned ſeveral nations that had ſought his friendſhip; but declared that he had been gained over by the Count; and that he was come into theſe parts to enrich every one that heard him. The Court was at firſt very well pleaſed

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pleaſed with his figure, and the promiſes he made them; but upon examination found him a true *Spaniard:* nothing but ſhow and beggary. For it was fully proved, that notwithſtanding the boaſts and appearance which he made, he was not worth a groat: nay, that upon caſting up his annual expences, with the debts and incumbrances which lay upon his eſtate, he was worſe than nothing.

There appeared another witneſs in favour of the Count, who ſpoke with ſo much violence and warmth, that the Court began to liſten to him very attentively; till upon hearing his name they found he was a notorious Knight of the poſt, being kept in pay, to give his teſtimony on all occaſions where it was wanted. This was the EXAMINER; a perſon who had abuſed almoſt every man in *England*, that deſerved well of his country. He called Goodman *Fact* a lyar, a ſeditious perſon, a traitor, and a rebel; and ſo much incenſed the honeſt man, that he would certainly have knocked him down if he could have come at him. It was allowed by every body, that ſo foul-mouthed a witneſs never appeared in any cauſe. Seeing ſeveral perſons of great eminence, who had maintained the cauſe of Goodman *Fact*, he called them idiots, blockheads, villains, knaves, infidels, atheiſts, apoſtates, fiends and devils; never did man ſhow ſo much eloquence in ribaldry. The Court was at length ſo juſtly provoked with this fellow's behaviour, who ſpared no age, nor ſex, nor profeſſion, which had ſhown any friendſhip or inclination for the Plaintiff, that ſeveral began to whiſper to one another, it was high time to bring him to puniſhment. But the witneſs overhearing the word *pillory* repeated twice or thrice, ſlunk away privately, and hid himſelf among the people.

After

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After a full hearing on both sides, Count *Tariff* was cast, and Goodman *Fact* got his cause; but the Court sitting late, did not think it fit at that time to give him costs, or indeed to enter into that matter. The honest man immediately retired, after having assured his friends, that at any time when the Count should appear on the like occasion, he would undertake their defence, and come to their assistance, if they would be at the pains to find him out.

It is incredible, how general a joy Goodman *Fact*'s success created in the city of *London*; there was nothing to be seen or heard the next day, but shaking of hands, congratulations, reflexions on the danger they had escaped; and gratitude to those who had delivered them from it.

The night concluded with balls, bonfires, ringing of bells, and the like public demonstrations of joy.

THE

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THE

WHIG-EXAMINER.

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The WHIG-EXAMINER.

Nº 1. *Thurſday, September* 14, 1710.

Neſcia mens hominum fati ſortiſque futuræ,
Et ſervare modum, rebus ſublata ſecundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, & cum ſpolia iſta diemque
Oderit. ———

THE deſign of this work is to cenſure the writings of others, and to give all perſons a rehearing, who have ſuffered under any unjuſt ſentence of the *Examiner*. As that Author has hitherto proceeded, his paper would have been more properly entitled the *Executioner*: at leaſt his examination is like that which is made by the rack and wheel. I have always admired a Critic that has diſcovered the beauties of an author, and never knew one who made it his buſineſs to laſh the faults of other writers, that was not guilty of greater himſelf;

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as the hangman is generally a worſe malefactor, than the criminal that ſuffers by his hand. To prove what I ſay, there needs no more than to read the annotations which this Author has made upon Dr. *Garth*'s Poem, with the preface in the front, and a riddle at the end of them: To begin with the firſt: Did ever an advocate for a party open with ſuch an unfortunate aſſertion? *The collective body of the Whigs have already engroſſed our riches:* That is, in plain *Engliſh*, the Whigs are poſſeſſed of all the riches in the nation. Is not this giving up all he has been contending for theſe ſix weeks? Is there any thing more reaſonable, than that thoſe who have all the riches of the nation in their poſſeſſion, or if he likes his own phraſe better, as indeed I think it is ſtronger, that thoſe who have already *engroſſed* our riches, ſhould have the management of our public Treaſure, and the direction of our fleets and armies? But let us proceed: *Their Repreſentative the Kit-Cat have pretended to make a Monopoly of our ſenſe.* Well, but what does all this end in? If the author means any thing it is this, That to prevent ſuch a Monopoly of ſenſe, he is reſolved to deal in it himſelf by retail, and ſell a pennyworth of it every week. In what follows, there is ſuch a ſhocking familiarity both in his ralleries and civilities, that one cannot long be in doubt who is the Author. The remaining part of the preface has ſo much of the pedant, and ſo little of the converſation of men in it, that I ſhall paſs it over, and haſten to the riddles, which are as follows.

The

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The RIDDLE.

SPHINX was a monſter, that would eat
Whatever ſtranger ſhe could get;
Unleſs his ready wit diſclos'd
The ſubtle riddles ſhe propos'd.
Oedipus *was reſolv'd to go,*
And try what ſtrength of parts could do:
Says Sphinx, *On this depends your fate:*
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright?
Has two at noon, and three at night?
'Tis man, ſaid he, who weak by nature,
At firſt creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four: As years accrue,
With ſturdy ſteps he walks on two:
In age, at length, grown weak and ſick,
For his third leg adopts the ſtick.
Now in your turn, 'tis juſt, methinks,
You ſhould reſolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What ſtranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four.

The firſt part of this little myſtical Poem is an old riddle, which we could have told the meaning of, had not the Author given himſelf the trouble of explaining it: but as for the expoſition of the ſecond, he leaves us altogether in the dark. The riddle runs thus: What creature is it that walks upon four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs at night? This he ſolves, as our forefathers have done for theſe two thouſand years;

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years; and not according to *Rabelais*, who gives another reaſon why a man is ſaid to be a creature with three legs at night. Then follows the ſecond riddle: What creature, ſays he, is it that firſt uſes four legs, then two legs, then three legs; then loſes one leg, then gets two legs, and at laſt runs away upon four legs? Were I diſpoſed to be ſplenetic, I ſhould ask if there was any thing in the new garland of riddles *ſo wild, ſo childiſh, or ſo flat:* But though I dare not go ſo far as that, I ſhall take upon me to ſay, that the Author has ſtolen his hint out of the garland, from a riddle which I was better acquainted with than the *Nile* when I was but twelve years old. It runs thus, Riddle my riddle my ree, what is this? Two legs ſat upon three legs, and held one leg in her hand; in came four legs, and ſnatch'd away one leg; up ſtarted two legs, and flung three legs at four legs, and brought one leg back again. This Enigma, joined with the foregoing two, rings all the changes that can be made upon four legs. That I may deal more ingenuouſly with my Reader than the above-mentioned Enigmatiſt has done, I ſhall preſent him with a key to my riddle; which upon application he will find exactly fitted to all the words of it: one leg is a leg of mutton, two legs is a ſervant-maid, three legs is a joint-ſtool, which in the Sphinx's country was called a tripod; as four legs is a dog, who in all nations and ages has been reckoned a quadruped. We have now the expoſition of our firſt and third riddles upon legs; let us here, if you pleaſe, endeavour to find out the meaning of our ſecond, which is thus in the Author's words:

What

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What ſtranger creature yet is he
That has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four?

This riddle, as the Poet tells us, was propoſed by *Oedipus* to the Sphinx, after he had given his ſolution to that which the Sphinx had propoſed to him. This *Oedipus*, you muſt underſtand, though the people did not believe it, was ſon to a King of *Thebes*, and bore a particular grudge to the Tr--r of that Kingdom; which made him ſo bitter upon *H. L.* in this Enigma.

What ſtranger creature yet is he,
That has four legs, then two, then three?

By which he intimates, that this great man at *Thebes* being *weak by nature*, as he admirably expreſſes it, could not walk as ſoon as he was born, but, like other children, fell upon all four when he attempted it; that he afterwards went upon two legs, like other men; and that in his more advanced age, he got a white ſtaff in Queen *Jocaſta*'s court, which the Author calls his third leg. Now it ſo happened that the Treaſurer fell, and by that means broke his third leg, which is intimated by the next words, *Then loſes one* --- Thus far I think we have travelled through the riddle with good ſucceſs,

What ſtranger creature yet is he
That has four legs, then two, then three:
Then loſes one. ——

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But now comes the difficulty that has puzzled the whole town, and which I muſt confeſs has kept me awake for theſe three nights;

—— Then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four.

I at laſt thought the treaſurer of *Thebes* might have walked upon crutches, and ſo ran away on four legs, *viz.* two natural and two artificial. But this I have no authority for; and therefore upon mature conſideration do find that the words (*Then gets two more*) are only Greek expletives, introduced to make up the verſe, and to ſignify nothing; and that *runs*, in the next line, ſhould be *rides*. I ſhall therefore reſtore the true ancient reading of this riddle, after which it will be able to explain itſelf.

Oedipus ſpeaks:
Now in your turn, 'tis juſt methinks,
You ſhould reſolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What ſtranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gains two more,
And rides away at laſt on four?

I muſt now inform the Reader, that *Thebes* was on the continent, ſo that it was eaſy for a man to ride out of its dominions on horſeback, an advantage that a *Britiſh* Stateſman would be deprived of. If he would run away, he muſt do it *in an open boat*; for to ſay of an *Engliſhman* in this ſenſe, that he runs away on all four, would be as abſurd as to ſay, he clapped ſpurs to his horſe

horſe at St. *James*'s gate, and galloped away to the *Hague*.

Before I take my farewel of this ſubject, I ſhall adviſe the Author for the future to ſpeak his meaning more plainly. I allow he has a happy talent at doggrel, when he writes upon a known ſubject: where he tells us in plain intelligible language, how *Syriſca*'s ladle was loſt in one hole, and *Hans Carvel*'s finger in another, he is very jocular and diverting; but when he wraps a lampoon in a riddle, he muſt conſider that his jeſt is loſt to every one, but the few merry wags that are in the ſecret. This is making darker ſatires than ever *Perſius* did. After this curſory view of the *Examiner*'s performance, let us conſider his remarks upon the Doctor's. That general piece of rallery which he paſſes upon the Doctor's conſidering the Treaſurer in ſeveral different views, is that which might fall upon any Poem in *Waller*, or any other writer who has diverſity of thoughts and alluſions: and tho' it may appear a pleaſant ridicule to an ignorant Reader, is wholly groundleſs and unjuſt. I do likewiſe diſſent with the *Examiner*, upon the phraſes of *paſſions being poiſed*, and of the *retrieving merit from dependence*, which are very beautiful and poetical. It is the ſame cavilling ſpirit that finds fault with that expreſſion of the *pomp of peace among the woes of war*, as well as of *offering unask'd*. As for the *Nile*, how *Icarus* and *Phaeton* came to be joined with it, I cannot conceive. I muſt confeſs they have been formerly uſed to repreſent the fate of raſh ambitious men; and I cannot imagine why the Author ſhould deprive us of thoſe particular Similes for the future. The next Criticiſm upon

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the ſtars, ſeems introduced for no other reaſon but to mention Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, whom the Author every where endeavours to imitate and abuſe. But I ſhall refer the *Examiner* to the frog's advice to her little one, that was blowing itſelf up to the ſize of an Ox:

——— *Non ſi te ruperis, inquit,*
Par eris ———

The alluſion to the victim may be a Gallimatia in French politics, but is an apt and noble alluſion to a true *Engliſh* ſpirit. And as for the *Examiner*'s remarks on the word *bleed* (though a man would laugh to ſee impotent malice ſo little able to contain itſelf) one cannot but obſerve in them the temper of the Banditti whom he mentions in the ſame paper, who always murder where they rob. The laſt obſervation is upon the line, *Ingratitude's a weed of every clime.* Here he is very much out of humour with the Doctor for having called that the *weed*, which *Dryden* only terms the *growth*, of every Clime. But for God-ſake, why ſo much tenderneſs for ingratitude.

But I ſhall ſay no more. We are now in an age wherein impudent aſſertions muſt paſs for arguments: and I do not queſtion but the ſame, who has endeavoured here to prove that he who wrote the *Diſpenſary* was no Poet, will very ſuddenly undertake to ſhew, that he who gain'd the Battle of *Blenheim* is no General.

Thurſday,

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N° 2 *Thurſday, September* 21.

——— *Arcades ambo,*
Et cantare pares ——— Virg.

I Never yet knew an Author that had not his admirers. *Bunyan* and *Quarles* have paſſed thro' ſeveral editions, and pleaſe as many Readers, as *Dryden* and *Tillotſon*. The *Examiner* had not written two half-ſheets of paper before he met with one that was aſtoniſhed at *the force he was maſter of*, and approaches him with awe, when he mentions State-ſubjects, as *incroaching on the province that belonged to him*, and treating of things *that deſerved to paſs under his pen*. The ſame humble author tells us, that the *Examiner* can furniſh mankind with an *Antidote to the poiſon that is ſcattered through the nation*. This crying up of the *Examiner's* Antidote, puts me in mind of the firſt appearance that a celebrated *French* quack made in the ſtreets of *Paris*. A little boy walked before him, publiſhing, with a ſhrill voice, *Mon pere guerit toutes ſortes de maladies, My father cures all ſorts of diſtempers:* To which the Doctor, who walked behind him, added in a grave and compoſed manner, *L'enfant dit vrai, The Child ſays true.*

That the Reader may ſee what party the Author of this Letter is of, I ſhall ſhew how he ſpeaks

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of the *French* King and the Duke of *Anjou*, and how of our greateſt Allies, the Emperor of *Germany* and the States-General. *In the mean while the* French *King has withdrawn his troops from* Spain, *and has put it out of his power to reſtore that monarchy to us, was he reduced low enough really to deſire to do it. The Duke of* Anjou *has had leiſure to take off thoſe whom he ſuſpected, to confirm his friends, to regulate his revenues, to increaſe and form his troops, and above all, to rouſe that ſpirit in the* Spaniſh *nation, which a ſucceſſion of lazy and indolent Princes had lulled aſleep. From hence it appears probable enough, that if the war continue much longer on the preſent foot, inſtead of regaining* Spain, *we ſhall find the Duke of* Anjou *in a condition to pay the Debt of gratitude, and ſupport the grandfather in his declining years; by whoſe arms, in the days of his infancy, he was upheld.* What expreſſions of tenderneſs, duty and ſubmiſſion! The Panegyric on the Duke of *Anjou*, is by much the beſt written part of this whole Letter; the Apology for the *French* King, is indeed the ſame which the *Poſt-boy* has often made, but worded with greater deference and reſpect to that great Prince. There are many ſtrokes of the Author's good-will to our confederates, the *Dutch* and the Emperor, in ſeveral parts of this notable Epiſtle; I ſhall only quote one of them, alluding to the concern which the Bank, the States-General, and the Emperor, expreſſed for the Miniſtry by their humble applications to Her Majeſty in theſe words.

Not daunted yet, they reſolve to try a new expedient, and the intereſt of Europe *is to be repreſented as inſeparable from that of the Miniſters.*

Haud

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Haud dubitant equidem implorare quod uſquam eſt;
Flectere ſi nequeunt Superos, Acheronta movebunt.

The members of the Bank, the Dutch, *and the Court of* Vienna, *are called in as confederates to the Miniſtry.* This, in the mildeſt *Engliſh* it will bear, runs thus. *They are reſolved to look for help where-ever they can find it; if they cannot have it from heaven, they will go to hell for it*; That is, to the members of the Bank, the *Dutch*, and the Court of *Vienna*. The *French* King, the Pope, and the Devil, have been often joined together by a well-meaning *Engliſhman*; but I am very much ſurpriſed to ſee the Bank, the *Dutch*, and the Court of *Vienna*, in ſuch company. We may ſtill ſee the Gentleman's principles in the accounts which he gives of his own country; ſpeaking of the *G---l, the quondam T---r and the J---to*, which every one knows comprehends the *Whigs*, in their utmoſt extent; he adds, in oppoſition to them, *For the Queen and the whole body of the* Britiſh *Nation*, ———

Nos Numerus ſumus.

In Engliſh,

We are Cyphers.

How properly the Tories may be called the whole body of the *Britiſh* nation, I leave to any one's judging: and wonder how an author can be ſo diſreſpectful to Her Majeſty, as to ſeparate Her in ſo ſaucy a manner from that part of her people, who according to the *Examiner* himſelf, *have en-*

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grossed the riches of the nation; and all this to join her, with so much impudence, under the common denomination of *We*, that is, *WE Queen and Tories* are cyphers. *Nos numerus sumus* is a scrap of *Latin* more impudent than Cardinal *Woolsey*'s *Ego & Rex meus*. We find the same particle WE, used with great emphasis and significancy in the eighth page of this Letter; *But, nothing decisive, nothing which had the appearance of earnest, has been so much as attempted, except that wise expedition to* Thoulon, *which WE suffered to be defeated before it began.* Whoever did, God forgive them: there were indeed several stories of discoveries made, by letters and messengers that were sent to *France*.

Having done with the Author's party and principles, we shall now consider his performance, under the three heads of Wit, Language, and Argument. The first lash of his Satire falls upon the *Censor of Great-Britain*, who, says he, resembles the famous *Censor* of *Rome*, in nothing but espousing the *cause of the vanquished*. Our Letter-writer here alludes to that known verse in *Lucan*,

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

The Gods espoused the cause of the conquerors, but Cato *espoused the Cause of the vanquished.* The misfortune is, that this verse was not written of *Cato* the *Censor*, but of *Cato of Utica*. How Mr. *Bickerstaff*, who has written in favour of a party that is not vanquished, resembles the younger *Cato*, who was not a *Roman Censor*, I do not well conceive, unless it be in struggling for the liberty of his country. To say therefore, that the *Censor* of *Great-Britain* resembles that famous *Censor* of *Rome*

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Rome in nothing but eſpouſing the cauſe of the vanquiſhed; is juſt the ſame as if one ſhould ſay, in regard to the many obſcure truths and ſecret hiſtories that are brought to light in this Letter, that the Author of theſe new revelations, reſembles the ancient Author of the Revelations *in nothing but venturing his head.* Beſides that there would be no ground for ſuch a reſemblance, would not a man be laughed at by every common Reader, ſhould he thus miſtake one St. *John* for another, and apply that to St. *John* the *Evangeliſt* which relates to St. *John* the Baptiſt, who died many years before him?

Another ſmart touch of the Author we meet with in the fifth page, where, without any preparation, he breaks out all on a ſudden into a vein of poetry; and inſtead of writing a letter to the *Examiner*, gives advice to a painter in theſe ſtrong lines: *Paint, Sir, with that force which you are maſter of, the preſent ſtate of the war abroad; and expoſe to the public view thoſe principles upon which, of late, it has been carried on, ſo different from thoſe upon which it was originally entered into. Collect ſome few of the indignities which have been this year offered to Her Majeſty, and of thoſe unnatural ſtruggles which have betrayed the weakneſs of a ſhattered conſtitution.* By the way, a man may be ſaid to paint a battle, or if you pleaſe, a war; but I do not ſee how it is poſſible to paint the preſent ſtate of a war. So a man may be ſaid to deſcribe or to collect accounts of indignities and unnatural ſtruggles; but to collect the things themſelves, is a figure which this Gentleman has introduced into our *Engliſh* proſe. Well, but what will be the uſe of this picture of a ſtate

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of the war? and this collection of indignities and ſtruggles? It ſeems the chief deſign of them is to make a dead man bluſh, as we may ſee in thoſe inimitable lines which immediately follow: *And when this is done,* D--n *ſhall bluſh in his grave among the dead,* W---le *among the living, and even* Vol---e *ſhall feel ſome remorſe.* Was there ever any thing, I will not ſay ſo ſtiff and ſo unnatural, but ſo brutal and ſo ſilly! this is downright hacking and hewing in Satire. But we ſee a maſterpiece of this kind of writing in the twelfth page; where without any reſpect to a Dutcheſs of *Great-Britain,* a Princeſs of the Empire, and one who was a boſom-friend of her Royal Miſtreſs, he calls a great lady *an inſolent woman, the worſt of her ſex, a fury, an executioner of divine vengeance, a plague*; and applies to her a line which *Virgil* writ originally upon *Alecto.* One would think this foul-mouthed writer muſt have received ſome particular injuries, either from this great Lady or from her husband; and theſe the world ſhall be ſoon acquainted with, by a book which is now in the preſs, entitled, *An Eſſay towards proving that gratitude is no virtue.* This Author is full of Satire, and is ſo angry with every one that is pleaſed with the Duke of *Marlborough*'s victories, that he goes out of his way to abuſe one of the Queen's ſinging-men, who it ſeems did his beſt to celebrate a thankſgiving day in an Anthem; as you may ſee in that paſſage: *Towns have been taken and battles have been won; the mob has huzza'd round bonfires, the Stentor of the chapel has ſtrained his throat in the gallery, and the Stentor of* S---m *has deafned his audience from the pulpit.* Thus you ſee how like a true ſon of the

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the High-Church, he falls upon a learned and reverend Prelate, and for no other crime, but for preaching with an audible voice. If a man lifts up his voice like a trumpet to preach ſedition, he is received by ſome men as a Confeſſor; but if he cries aloud, and ſpares not, to animate people with devotion and gratitude, for the greateſt public bleſſings that ever were beſtowed on a ſinful nation, he is reviled as a *Stentor*.

I promiſed in the next place to conſider the Language of this excellent Author, who I find takes himſelf for an Orator. In the firſt page he cenſures ſeveral for the poiſon which they *profuſely ſcatter* through the nation; that is, in plain *Engliſh*, for *ſquandering away their poiſon*. In the ſecond he talks of *carrying probability through the thread of a fable*; and in the third, *of laying an odium at a man's door*. In the fourth he riſes in his expreſſions; where he ſpeaks of thoſe who would perſuade the people, that *the G---l, the quondam T---r, and the J---to, are the only objects of the confidence of the Allies, and of the fears of the enemies*. I would adviſe this Author to try the beauty of this expreſſion. Suppoſe a foreign Miniſter ſhould addreſs Her Majeſty in the following manner, (for certainly it is Her Majeſty only to whom the ſenſe of the compliment ought to be paid) Madam, you are *the object of the confidence of the Allies*; or Madam, your Majeſty is the *only object of the fears of the enemies*. Would a man think that he had learned *Engliſh?* I would have the Author try, by the ſame rule, ſome of his other Phraſes, as *Page* 7. where he tells us, *That the balance of power in* Europe *would be ſtill precarious*. What would a tradeſman think, if one ſhould tell him in

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a paſſion, that his *ſcales were precarious*; and mean by it, that they were *not fixed?* In the thirteenth page he ſpeaks of certain *profligate wretches who having uſurped the Royal Seat, reſolved to venture overturning the chariot of government, rather than to loſe their place in it.* A plain-ſpoken man would have left the *Chariot* out of this ſentence, and ſo have made it good *Engliſh.* As it is there, it is not only an impropriety of ſpeech, but of metaphor; it being impoſſible for a man to have a place in the Chariot which he drives. I would therefore adviſe this Gentleman, in the next edition of his Letter, to change the *Chariot* of government into the *Chaiſe* of government, which will ſound as well, and ſerve his turn much better. I could be longer on the *errata* of this very ſmall work, but will conclude this head with taking notice of a certain figure which was unknown to the ancients, and in which this Letter-writer very much excels. This is called by ſome an *Anticlimax*, an inſtance of which we have in the tenth page; where he tells us, that *Britain* may expect to have this only glory left her, *That ſhe has proved a farm to the Bank, a province to* Holland, *and a jeſt to the whole world.* I never met with ſo ſudden a downfal in ſo promiſing a ſentence; *a jeſt to the whole world* gives ſuch an unexpected turn to this happy period, that I was heartily troubled and ſurpriſed to meet with it. I do not remember in all my reading, to have obſerved more than two couplets of verſes that have been written in this figure; the firſt are thus quoted by Mr. *Dryden.*

Not only London *echoes with thy fame,*
But alſo Iſlington *has heard the* ſame.

The

The other are in *French.*

Allez vous, lui dit il, ſans bruit chez vos parens,
Ou vous avez laiſſé votre honneur & vos gens.

But we need not go further than the Letter before us for examples of this nature, as we may find in page the eleventh. *Mankind remains convinced; that a Queen poſſeſſed of all the virtues requiſite to bleſs a nation, or make a private family happy, ſits on the throne.* Is this Panegyric or Burleſque? To ſee ſo glorious a Queen celebrated in ſuch a manner, gives every good ſubject a ſecret indignation; and looks like *Scarron*'s character of the great Queen *Semiramis*, who, ſays that Author, "was the Founder of "*Babylon*, Conqueror of the *Eaſt*, and an excel-"lent Houſewife."

The third ſubject, being the argumentative part of this Letter, I ſhall leave till another occaſion.

Thurſday,

N° 3 *Thurſday, September* 28.

——*Non defenſoribus iſtis*
Tempus eget. —— Virg.

I Was once talking with an old humdrum fellow, and before I had heard his ſtory out, was called away by buſineſs. About three years after I met him again, when he immediately reaſſumed the thread of his ſtory, and began his ſalutation with, *but Sir, as I was telling you.* The ſame method has been made uſe of by very polite writers; as, in particular, the Author of *Don Quixote*, who inſerts ſeveral novels in his works, and after a parentheſis of about a dozen leaves, returns again to his ſtory. *Hudibras* has broke off the *Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle.* The *Tatler* has frequently interrupted the courſe of a Lucubration, and taken it up again after a fortnight's reſpite; as the *Examiner*, who is capable of imitating him in this particular, has likewiſe done.

This may ſerve as an apology for my poſtponing the examination of the argumentative part of *the Letter to the Examiner* to a further day, though I muſt confeſs, this was occaſioned by a Letter which I received laſt poſt. Upon opening it, I found it to contain a very curious piece of antiquity; which, without preface or application, was introduced as follows.

" *Alcibiades* was a man of wit and pleaſure, bred " up in the ſchool of *Socrates*; and one of the beſt " Orators

" Orators of his age, notwithſtanding he lived at " a time when learning was as its higheſt pitch: he " was likewiſe very famous for his military ex- " ploits, having gained great conqueſts over the *La-* " *cedæmonians*, who had formerly been the confe- " derates of his countrymen againſt the great King " of *Perſia*, but were at that time in alliance with " the *Perſians*. He had been once ſo far miſre- " preſented and traduced by the malice of his ene- " mies, that the Prieſts curſed him. But after the " great ſervices which he had done for his country, " they publicly repealed their curſes, and changed " them into applauſes and benedictions.

" *Plutarch* tells us, in *the life of* Alcibiades, that " one *Taureas*, an obſcure man, contended with " him for a certain prize, which was to be confer- " red by vote; at which time each of the competi- " tors recommended himſelf to the *Athenians* by an " oration. The ſpeech which *Alcibiades* made on " that occaſion, has been lately diſcovered among " the Manuſcripts of *King's-college* in *Cambridge*, " and communicated to me by my learned friend " Dr. *B---tley*; who tells me, that by a marginal " note it appears, that this *Taureas*, or, as the Doctor " rather chooſes to call him, *Toryas*, was an *Athenian* " Brewer. This ſpeech I have tranſlated literally, " changing very little in it, except where it was " abſolutely neceſſary to make it underſtood by an " *Engliſh* Reader. It is as follows.

" IS it then poſſible, O ye *Athenians*, that I who " hitherto have had none but Generals to " oppoſe me, muſt now have an artiſan for my " antagoniſt? That I who have overthrown the " Princes of *Lacedæmon*, muſt now ſee myſelf in " danger

" danger of being defeated by a Brewer? What will
" the world ſay of the Goddeſs that preſides over
" you, ſhould they ſuppoſe you follow her dictates?
" would they think ſhe acted like herſelf, like the
" great *Minerva*? would they now ſay, ſhe in-
" ſpires her ſons with wiſdom? or would they not
" rather ſay, ſhe has a ſecond time choſen owls for
" her favourites? But O ye men of *Athens*, what
" has this man done to deſerve your voices? You
" ſay he is honeſt; I believe it, and therefore he
" ſhall brew for me. You ſay he is aſſiduous in
" his calling: and is he not grown rich by it? let
" him have your cuſtom but not your votes: you
" are now to caſt your eyes on thoſe who can de-
" tect the artifices of the common enemy, that can
" diſappoint your ſecret foes in Council, and your
" open ones in the field. Let it not avail my com-
" petitor, that he has been tapping his liquors, while
" I have been ſpilling my blood; that he has been
" gathering hops for you, while I have been reaping
" laurels. Have I not born the duſt and heat of
" the day, while he has been ſweating at the furnace?
" behold theſe ſcars, behold this wound which ſtill
" bleeds in your ſervice; what can *Taureas* ſhew
" you of this nature? What are his marks of ho-
" nour? has he any other wound about him, ex-
" cept the accidental ſcaldings of his wort, or bruiſes
" from the tub or barrel? Let it not, O *Athenians*,
" let it not be ſaid, that your Generals have con-
" quered themſelves into your diſpleaſure, and loſt
" your favour by gaining you victories. Shall thoſe
" atchievements that have redeemed the preſent
" age from ſlavery, be undervalued by thoſe who
" feel the benefits of them? Shall thoſe names that
" have made your city the glory of the whole earth,

" be

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" be mentioned in it with obloquy and detraction? " Will not your posterity blush at their forefathers, " when they shall read in the annals of their country, that *Alcibiades* in the 90th Olympiad, after " having conquered the *Lacedæmonians*, and recovered *Byzantium*, contended for a prize against " *Taureas* the Brewer? The competition is dishonourable, the defeat would be shameful. I " shall not however slacken my endeavours for the " security of my country. If she is ungrateful, she " is still *Athens*. On the contrary, as she will stand " more in need of defence, when she has so degenerate a people; I will pursue my victories, till " such time as it shall be out of your power to hurt " yourselves, and that you may be in safety even " under your present leaders. But oh! thou genius of *Athens*, whither art thou fled? Where " is now the race of those glorious spirits that perished at the battle of *Thermopylæ*, and fought " upon the plains of *Marathon?* Are you weary " of conquering, or have you forgotten the oath " which you took at *Agraulos*, *That you would look upon the bounds of* Attica *to be those soils only which are incapable of bearing wheat and barley, vines and olives?* Consider your enemies the " *Lacedæmonians*; did you ever hear that they preferred a Coffee-man to *Agesilaus?* No, though " their Generals have been unfortunate, though " they have lost several battles, though they have " not been able to cope with the troops of " *Athens*, which I have conducted; they are comforted and condoled, nay celebrated and extolled, " by their fellow-citizens. Their Generals have " been received with honour after their defeat, " yours with ignominy after conquest. Are there

" not

" not men of *Taureas*'s temper and character, who " tremble in their hearts at the name of the great " King of *Perſia?* who have been *againſt* entring " into a war with him, or for making a peace upon " baſe conditions? that have grudged thoſe contri- " butions which have ſet our country at the head of " all the governments of *Greece?* that would diſ- " honour thoſe who have raiſed her to ſuch a pitch " of glory? that would betray thoſe liberties which " your fathers in all ages have purchaſed or recover- " ed with their blood? and would proſecute your " fellow-citizens with as much rigour and fury, as " of late years we have attacked the common ene- " my? I ſhall trouble you no more, O ye Men of " *Athens*; you know my actions, let my antagoniſt " relate what he has done for you. Let him pro- " duce his vats and tubs, in oppoſition to the heaps " of arms and ſtandards which were employed " againſt you, and which I have wreſted out of the " hands of your enemies. And when this is done, " let him be brought into the field of election upon " his dray-cart; and if I can finiſh my conqueſt " ſooner, I will not fail to meet him there in a tri- " umphant chariot. But, oh ye Gods! let not the " King of *Perſia* laugh at the fall of *Alcibiades!* " Let him not ſay, *the* Athenians *have avenged me* " *upon their own Generals*; or let me be rather " ſtruck dead by the hand of a *Lacedæmonian*, than " diſgraced by the voices of my fellow-citizens.

Thurſday,

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N° 4 *Thurſday, October* 5.

Satis eloquentiæ, ſapientiæ parum. Sal.

Hudibras has defined nonſenſe (as *Cowley* does wit) by negatives. Nonſenſe (ſays he) is that which is neither true nor falſe. Theſe two great properties of nonſenſe, which are always eſſential to it, give it ſuch a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either anſwered or contradicted. It ſtands upon its own baſis like a rock of adamant, ſecured by its natural ſituation againſt all conqueſts or attacks. There is no one place about it weaker than another, to favour an enemy in his approaches. The major and the minor are of equal ſtrength. Its queſtions admit of no reply, and its aſſertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to diſtinguiſh colours in the midſt of darkneſs as to find out what to approve and diſapprove in nonſenſe: you may as well aſſault an army that is buried in intrenchments. If it affirms any thing, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obſcurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well-written piece of nonſenſe, than in the moſt abſtruſe and profound tract of ſchool-divinity.

After this ſhort panegyric upon nonſenſe, which may appear as extravagant to an ordinary Reader, as

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as *Eraſmus's Encomium of folly*; I muſt here ſolemnly proteſt, that I have not done it to curry favour with my antagoniſt, or to reflect any praiſe in an oblique manner upon the *Letter to the Examiner*: I have no private conſiderations to warp me in this controverſy, ſince my firſt entring upon it. But before I proceed any further, becauſe it may be of great uſe to me in this diſpute, to ſtate the whole nature of nonſenſe; and becauſe 'tis a ſubject entirely new, I muſt take notice that there are two kinds of it, *viz.* high nonſenſe and low nonſenſe.

Low nonſenſe is the talent of a cold phlegmatic temper, that in a poor diſpirited ſtile creeps along ſervilely through darkneſs and confuſion. A writer of this complexion gropes his way ſoftly amongſt ſelf-contradictions, and grovels in abſurdities.

Videri vult pauper, & eſt pauper.

He has neither wit nor ſenſe, and pretends to none.

On the contrary, your high nonſenſe blufters and makes a noiſe: it ſtalks upon hard words, and rattles through polyſyllables. It is loud and ſonorous, ſmooth and periodical. It has ſomething in it like manlineſs and force, and makes one think of the name of Sir *Hercules Nonſenſe* in the play called *The neſt of fools*. In a word, your high nonſenſe has a majeſtic appearance, and wears a moſt tremendous garb, like *Æſop's* aſs clothed in a lion's ſkin.

When *Ariſtotle* lay upon his death-bed, and was asked whom he would appoint for his ſucceſſor in the ſchool, two of his ſcholars being Candidates for it; he called for two different ſorts of wine, and

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and by the character which he gave of them, denoted the different qualities and perfections that shewed themselves in the stile and writings of each of the competitors. As rational writings have been represented by *wine*; I shall represent those kinds of writings we are now speaking of, by *small-beer*.

Low nonsense is like that in the barrel, which is altogether flat, tasteless, and insipid. High nonsense is like that in the bottle, which has in reality no more strength and spirit than the other, but frets and flies, and bounces, and by the help of a little wind that is got into it, imitates the passions of a much nobler liquor.

We meet with a low groveling nonsense in every *Grub-street* production; but I think there are none of our present writers who have hit the sublime in nonsense, besides Dr. *S---l* in divinity, and the Author of this letter in politics; between whose characters in their respective professions, there seems to be a very nice resemblance.

There is still another qualification in nonsense which I must not pass over, being that which gives it the last finishing and perfection, and eminently discovers itself in the letter to the Examiner. —— This is when an Author without any meaning, seems to have it; and so imposes upon us by the sound and ranging of his words, that one is apt to fancy they signify something. Any one who reads this letter, as he goes through it, will lie under the same delusion; but after having read it, let him consider what he has learnt from it, and he will immediately discover the deceit. I did not indeed at first imagine there was in it such a jargon of ideas, such an inconsistency of notions, such a confusion of particles, that rather puzzle than connect the sense, which

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which in ſome places he ſeems to have aimed at, as I found upon my nearer peruſal of it: Nevertheleſs, as no body writes a book without meaning ſomething, though he may not have the faculty of writing conſequentially, and expreſſing his meaning; I think I have with a great deal of attention and difficulty found out what this Gentleman would ſay, had he the gift of utterance. The Syſtem of his politics, when diſembroiled and cleared of all thoſe incoherences and independent matters that are woven into this motley piece, will be as follows. The conduct of the late Miniſtry is conſidered firſt of all in reſpect to foreign affairs, and ſecondly to domeſtic: As to the firſt, he tells us, that *the motives which engaged* Britain *in the preſent war, were both wiſe and generous*; ſo that the Miniſtry is cleared as to that particular. Theſe motives he tells us, *were to reſtore the* Spaniſh *monarchy to the houſe of* Auſtria, *and to regain a Barrier for* Holland. *The laſt of theſe two motives*, he ſays, *was effectually anſwered by the reduction of the* Netherlands *in the year* 1706, *or might have been ſo by the conceſſions which it is notorious that the enemy offered.* So that the Miniſtry are here blamed for not contenting themſelves with the barrier they had gained in the year 1706, nor with the conceſſions which the enemy then offered. The other motive of our entering into the war, *viz. The reſtoring the* Spaniſh *monarchy to the houſe of* Auſtria, he tells us, *remained ſtill in its full force*; *and we were told*, ſays he, *that though the barrier of* Holland *was ſecured, the trade of* Britain *and the balance of power in* Europe *would be ſtill precarious:* Spain *therefore muſt be conquered.* He then loſes himſelf in matter foreign to his purpoſe: But what he endeavours in the

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the ſequel of his diſcourſe, is to ſhew, that we have not taken the proper method to recover the *Spaniſh* monarchy; *that the whole ſtreſs of the war has been wantonly laid where* France *is beſt able to keep us at a bay*; that the *French* King has made it impoſſible for himſelf to give up *Spain*, and that the Duke of *Anjou* has made it as impoſſible for us to conquer it: Nay, *that inſtead of regaining* Spain, *we ſhall find the Duke of* Anjou *in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and ſupport the Grandfather in his declining years, by whoſe arms in the days of his infancy he was upheld.* He then intimates to us, that the *Dutch* and the Emperor will be ſo very well ſatisfied with what they have already conquered, that they may probably leave the houſe of *Bourbon* in the quiet poſſeſſion of the *Spaniſh* Monarchy.

This ſtrange huddle of politics has been ſo fully anſwered by General *Stanhope*, that if the Author had delayed the publiſhing of his letter but a fortnight, the world would have been deprived of that elaborate production. Notwithſtanding all that the *French* King or the Duke of *Anjou* have been able to do, notwithſtanding the feeble efforts we have made in *Spain*, notwithſtanding *the little care the Emperor takes to ſupport King* Charles, notwithſtanding the *Dutch* might have been contented *with a larger and better country than their own already conquered for them*, that victorious Gneeral at the head of *Engliſh* and *Dutch* forces, in conjunction with thoſe of the Emperor, has wreſted *Spain* out of the hands of the houſe of *Bourbon*; and added the conqueſts of *Navarre, Arragon*, and *Caſtile*, to thoſe of *Catalonia, Bavaria, Flanders, Mantua, Milan, Naples, Sicily, Majorca, Minorca*, and *Sardinia.*

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dinia. Such a wonderful Series of victories, and thoſe aſtoniſhing returns of ingratitude which they have met with, appear both of them rather like dreams than realities: They puzzle and confound the preſent age, and it is to be hoped they will not be believed by poſterity. Will the trifling Author of this letter ſay, that the Miniſtry did not apply themſelves to the reduction of *Spain*, when the whole Kingdom was twice conquered in their adminiſtration? The Letter-writer ſays, *that the* Dutch *had gained a good barrier after the battle of* Ramillies *in the Year* 1706. But I would fain ask him, whether he thinks *Antwerp* and *Bruſſels*, *Ghent* and *Bruges*, could be thought a ſtrong barrier, or that thoſe important conqueſts did not want ſeveral towns and forts to cover them? But it ſeems our great General on that ſide has done more for us than we expected of him, and made the barrier too impregnable. *But*, ſays the Letter-writer, *the ſtreſs of the war was laid in the wrong place:* But if the laying the ſtreſs of the war in the *Low-Countries* drew thither the whole ſtrength of *France*; if it weakened *Spain*, and left it expoſed to an equal force; if *France*, without being preſſed on this ſide, could have aſſiſted the Duke of *Anjou* with a numerous army; and if by the advantage of the ſituation, it could have ſent and maintained in *Spain* ten regiments with as little trouble and expence as *England* could two regiments; every impartial Judge would think that the ſtreſs of the war has been laid in the right place.

The Author of this confuſed diſſertation on foreign affairs, would fain make us believe, that *England* has gained nothing by theſe conqueſts, and put us out of humour with our chief Allies, the Emperor

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Emperor and the *Dutch*. He tells us, *they hoped* England *would have been taken care of, after having secured a barrier for* Holland: As if *England* were not taken care of by this very securing a barrier for *Holland*; which has always been looked upon as our Bulwark, or as Mr. *Waller* expresses it, our *outguard on the continent*; and which if it had fallen into the hands of the *French*, would have made *France* more strong by sea than all *Europe* besides. Has not *England* been taken care of by gaining a new mart in *Flanders*, by opening our trade into the *Levant*, by securing ports for us in *Gibraltar*, *Minorca* and *Naples*, and by that happy prospect we have of renewing that great branch of our commerce into *Spain*, which will be of more advantage to *England*, than any conquest we can make of towns and provinces? Not to mention the demolishing of *Dunkirk*, which we were in a fair way of obtaining during the last Parliament, and which we never so much as proposed to ourselves at our first engaging in this war.

As for this Author's aspersions of the *Dutch* and *Germans*, I have sometimes wondered that he has not been complained of for it to the Secretary of state. Had he not been looked upon as an insignificant scribbler, he must have occasioned remonstrances and memorials. Such national injuries are not to be put up, but when the offender is below resentment. This puts me in mind of an honest *Scotchman*, who as he was walking along the streets of *London*, heard one calling out after him *Scot*, *Scot*, and casting forth in a clamorous manner a great deal of opprobrious language against that ancient nation; *Sawney* turned about in a great passion, and found, to his surprise, that the person who abused

him was a ſaucy parrot that hung up not far from him in a cage; upon which he clapped his hand to his ſword, and told him, were he a man as he were a green-gooſe, he would have run him through the womb.

The next head our Politician goes upon, relates to our domeſtic affairs; where I am extremely at a loſs to know what he would be at: All that I can gather from him is, that *the Queen had grieved her ſubjects* in making choice of ſuch men for her Miniſters, as raiſed the nation to a greater pitch of glory than ever it was in the days of our forefathers, or than any other nation in theſe our days.

N° 5. *Thurſday, October* 12.

Parere jam non ſcelus eſt. Martial.

WE live in a nation where at preſent there is ſcarce a ſingle head that does not teem with politics. The whole Iſland is peopled with Stateſmen, and not unlike *Trinculo*'s Kingdom, of Vice-roys, every man has contrived a ſcheme of government for the benefit of his fellow-ſubjects, which they may follow and be ſafe.

After this ſhort preface, by which, as an *Engliſhman*, I lay in my claim to be a Politician; I ſhall enter on my diſcourſe.

The chief point that has puzzled the Freeholders of *Great-Britain*, as well as all thoſe that pay ſcot

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scot and lot, for about these six months last past, is this, Whether they would rather be governed by a Prince that is obliged by laws to be good and gracious, just and upright, a friend, a father, and a defender of his people; or by one who, if he pleases, may drive away or plunder, imprison or kill, without opposition or resistance. This is the true state of the controversy relating to *passive-obedience* and *non-resistance*. For I must observe, that the Advocates for this doctrine have stated the case in the softest and most palatable terms that it will bear: And we very well know, that there is great art in moulding a question; and that many a motion will pass with a *nemine contradicente* in some words, that would have been as unanimously rejected in others. *Passive-obedience* and *Non-resistance* are of a mild, gentle, and meek-spirited sound: They have respect but to one side of the relation between the sovereign and the subject, and are apt to fill the mind with no other ideas but those of peace, tranquillity, and resignation. To shew this doctrine in those black and odious colours that are natural to it, we should consider it with regard to the Prince as well as to the People: The question will then take another turn, and it will not be debated whether resistance may be lawful, or whether we may take up arms against our Prince; but whether the *English* form of government be a tyranny or a limited monarchy? Whether our Prince be obliged by our constitution to act according to law, or whether he be arbitrary and despotical?

It is impossible to state the measures of *Obedience*, without settling the extent of *Power*; or to describe the *Subject*, without defining the *King*.

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An arbitrary Prince is in justice and equity the master of a non-resisting people; for where the power is unicircumscribed, the obedience ought to be unlimited. *Passive-obedience* and *Non-resistance* are the duties of *Turks* and *Indians*, who have no laws above the Will of a *Grand Signior* or a *Mogul*. The same power which those Princes enjoy in their respective governments, belongs to the legislative body in our constitution; and that for the same reason; because no body of men is subject to laws, or can be controled by them, who have the authority of making, altering, or repealing whatever laws they shall think fit. Were our legislature vested in the person of our Prince, he might doubtless wind and turn our constitution at his pleasure; he might shape our government to his fancy. In a word, he might oppress, persecute, or destroy, and no man say to him, What dost thou?

If therefore we would rightly consider our form of government, we should discover the proper measures of our duty and obedience; which can never rise too high to our Sovereign, whilst he maintains us in those rights and liberties we were born to. But to say that we have rights which we ought not to vindicate and assert; that Liberty and Property are the birth-right of the *English* nation, but that if a Prince invades them by violent and illegal methods, we must upon no pretence resist, but remain altogether passive; nay, that in such a case we must all lose our lives unjustly rather than defend them: this, I say, is to confound governments, and to join things together that are wholly repugnant in their natures; since it is plain, that such a passive subjection,

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jection, such an unconditional obedience, can be only due to an arbitrary Prince or to a legislative body.

Were these smooth ensnaring terms rightly explained to the people, and the controversy of Non-resistance set in this just light, we should have wanted many thousands of hands to some late Addresses. I would fain know what Freeholder in *England* would have subscribed the following Address, had it been offered to him; or whether Her Majesty, who values the rights of her subjects as much as her own prerogative, would not have been very much offended at it? and yet I will appeal to the Reader, if this has not been the sense of many Addresses, when taken out of several artificial qualifying expressions, and exposed in their true and genuine light.

Madam,

"IT is with unspeakable grief of heart, that "we hear a set of men daily preaching up "among us that pernicious and damnable doc- "trine of self-preservation; and boldly affirm- "ing, as well in their public writings, as in "their private discourses, that it is lawful to re- "sist a tyrant, and take up arms in defence of "their lives and liberties. We have the utmost hor- "ror and detestation of these diabolical princi- "ples, that may induce your people to rise up in "vindication of their rights and freedoms, when- "ever a wicked Prince shall make use of his "Royal authority to subvert them. We are asto- "nished at the bold and impious attempts of "those men, who under the reign of the best of "Sovereigns, would avow such dangerous tenets

" as may ſecure them under the worſt. We are " reſolved to beat down and diſcountenance theſe " ſeditious notions, as being altogether republi- " can, jeſuitical, and conformable to the practice " of our rebellious forefathers; who in all ages, " at an infinite expence of blood and treaſure, " aſſerted their rights and properties, and con- " ſulted the good of their poſterity by reſiſtance, " arms, and pitched battles, to the great trouble " and diſquiet of their lawful Prince. We do " therefore in the moſt humble and dutiful man- " ner ſolemnly proteſt and declare, that we will " never reſiſt a Sovereign that ſhall think fit to " deſtroy our *Magna Charta*, or invade thoſe " rights and liberties which thoſe traitors pro- " cured for us; but will venture our lives and " fortunes againſt ſuch of our fellow-ſubjects " who think they may ſtand up in defence of " them."

It happens very unluckily that there is ſomething ſo ſupple and inſinuating in this abſurd unnatural doctrine, as makes it extremely agreeable to a Prince's ear: for which reaſon the publiſhers of it have always been the favourites of weak Kings. Even thoſe who have *no inclination* to do hurt to others, ſays the famous Satiriſt, would have *the power* of doing it if they pleaſed. Honeſt men who tell their Sovereigns what they expect from them, and what obedience they ſhall be always ready to pay them, are not upon an equal foot with ſuch baſe and abject flatterers; and are therefore always in danger of being the laſt in the Royal favour. Nor indeed would that be unreaſonable, if the profeſſors of Non-reſiſtance and Paſſive-

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Passive-obedience would stand to their principle: but instead of that we see they never fail to exert themselves against an arbitrary power, and to cast off the oppression when they feel the weight of it. Did they not in the late revolution rise up unanimously with those who always declared their subjection to be conditional, and their obedience limited? And very lately, when their Queen had offended them in nothing but by the promotion of a few great men to posts of trust and honour, who had distinguished themselves by their moderation and humanity to all their fellow-subjects, what was the behaviour of these men of meek and resigned principles? Did not the *Church-Memorial*, which they all applauded and cried up as the language and sentiments of their party, tell H. M. that it would not be safe for Her to rely upon their doctrines of Passive-obedience and Non-resistance, for that *nature might rebel against principles?* Is not this, in plain terms, that they will only practise Non-resistance to a Prince that pleases them, and Passive-obedience when they suffer nothing? I remember one of the rabble in *Oedipus*, when he is upbraided with his rebellion, and asked by the prophet if he had not taken an oath to be loyal, falls a scratching his head, and tells him, Why yes truly, he had taken such an oath, *but it was a hard thing that an oath should be a man's master*. This is in effect the language of the Church in the above-mentioned Memorial. Men of these soft peaceable dispositions in times of prosperity, put me in mind of *Kirk's Lambs*; for that was the name he used to give his dragoons that had signalized themselves above the rest of the army by many military atchievements among their own countrymen.

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There are two or three fatal conſequences of this doctrine, which I cannot forbear pointing out. The firſt of which is, That it has a natural tendency to make a good King a very bad one. When a man is told he may do what he pleaſes with impunity, he will be leſs careful and cautious of doing what he ſhould do, than a man who is influenced by fear as well as by other motives to virtue. It was a ſaying of *Thales* the wiſe *Mileſian*, *that of all wild beaſts a tyrant is the worſt, and of all tame beaſts a flatterer.* They do indeed naturally beget one another, and always exiſt together. Perſuade a Prince that he is irreſiſtible, and he will take care not to let ſo glorious an attribute lie dead and uſeleſs by him. An arbitrary power has ſomething ſo great in it, that he muſt be more than man who is endowed with it, but never exerts it.

This conſequence of the doctrine I have been ſpeaking of, is very often a fatal one to the people; there is another which is no leſs deſtructive to the Prince. A late unfortunate King very viſibly owed his ruin to it. He relied upon the aſſurances of his people, that they would never reſiſt him upon any pretence whatſoever, and accordingly began to act like a King who was not under the reſtraint of laws, by diſpenſing with them, and taking on him that power which was veſted in the whole legiſlative body. And what was the dreadful end of ſuch a proceeding? It is too freſh in every body's memory. Thus is a Prince corrupted by the profeſſors of this doctrine, and afterwards betrayed by them. The ſame perſons are the Actors, both in the temptation and the puniſhment. They aſſure him they will never reſiſt, but

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but retain their obedience under the utmoſt ſufferings; he tries them in a few inſtances, and is depoſed by them for his credulity.

I remember at the beginning of King *James*'s reign the Quakers preſented an Addreſs, which gave great offence to the High Church-men of thoſe times. But notwithſtanding the uncourtlineſs of their phraſes, the ſenſe was very honeſt. The Addreſs was as follows, to the beſt of my memory, for I then took great notice of it; and may ſerve as a counterpart to the foregoing one.

"THESE are to teſtify to thee our ſorrow for "our friend *Charles*, whom we hope thou "wilt follow in every thing that is good.

"We hear that thou art not of the religion of "the land any more than we, and therefore may "reaſonably expect that thou wilt give us the ſame "liberty that thou takeſt thyſelf.

"We hope that in this and all things elſe thou "wilt promote the good of thy people, which will "oblige us to pray that thy reign over us may be "long and proſperous."

Had all King *James*'s ſubjects addreſſed him with the ſame integrity; he had, in all probability, ſat upon his throne till death had removed him from it.

The End of the Second Volume.

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